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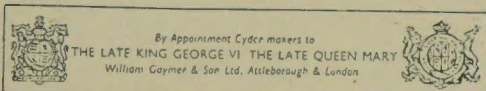
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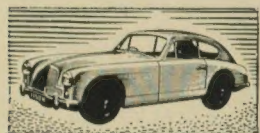
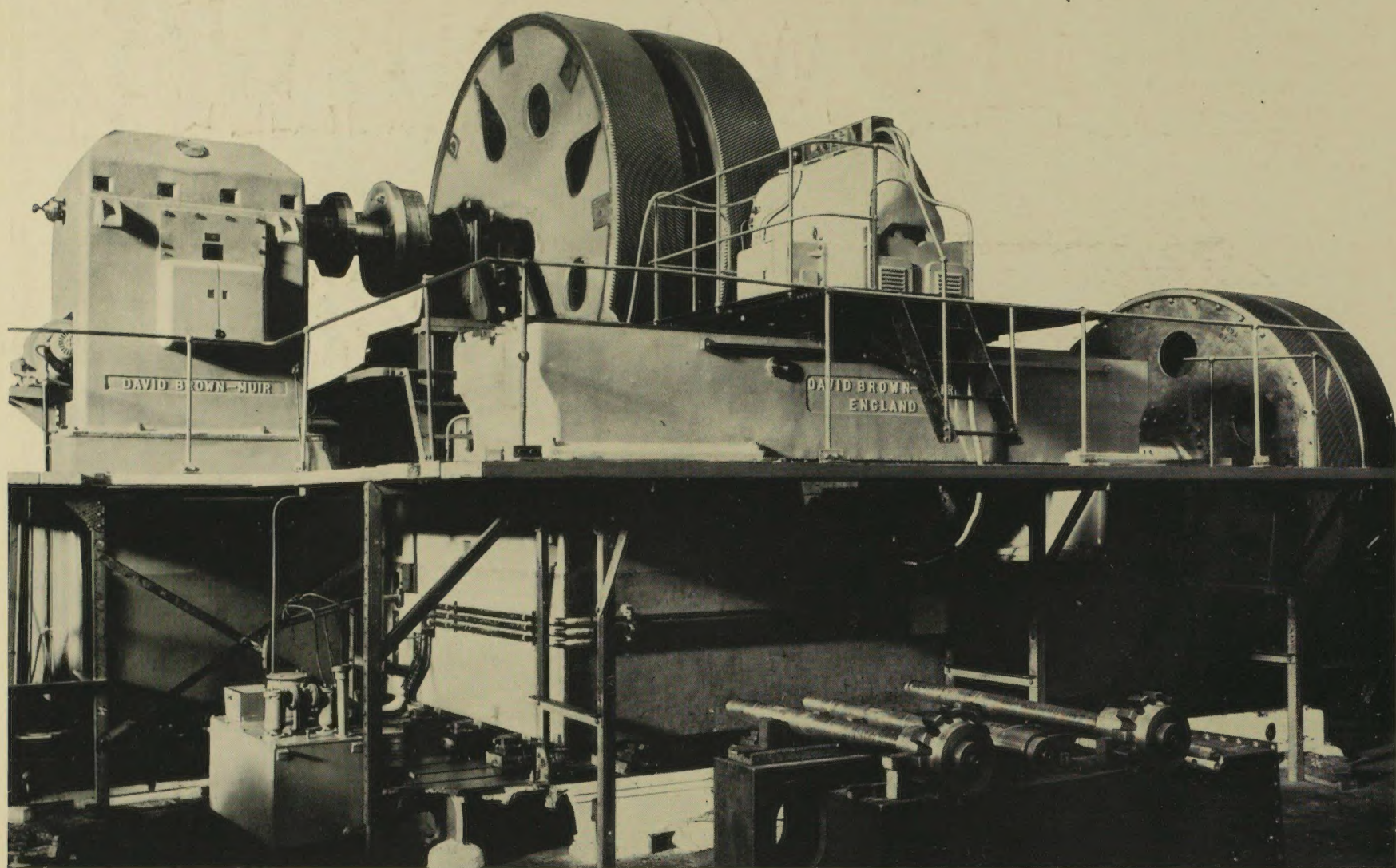
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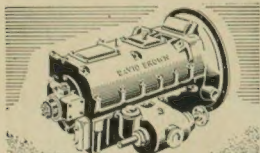
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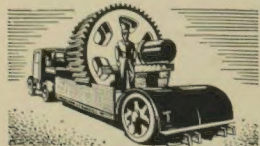
World's largest gear shaver



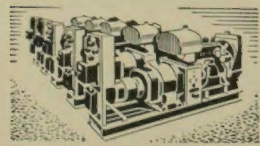
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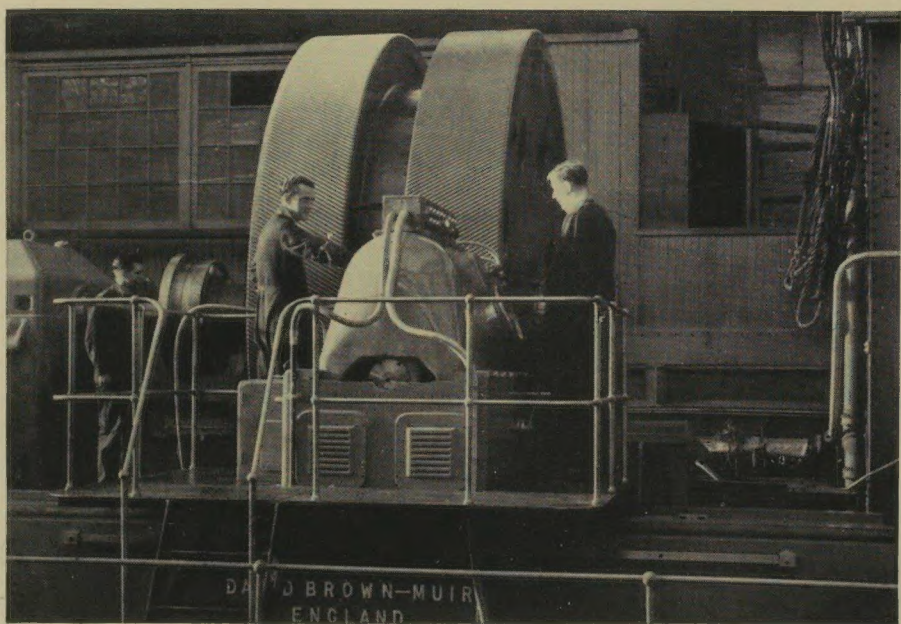


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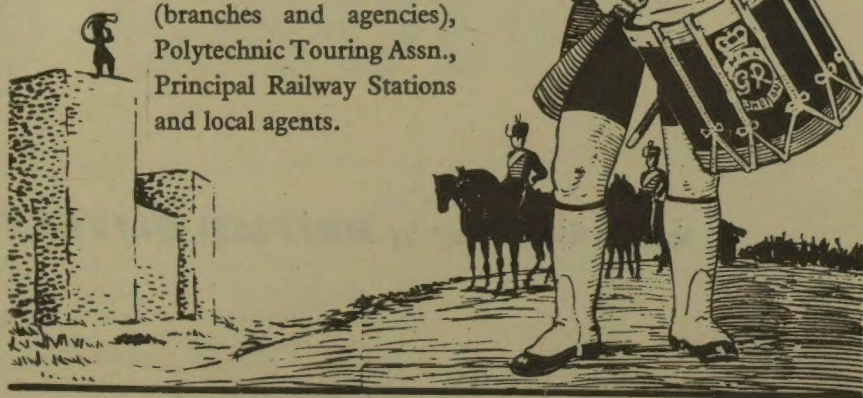
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TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

*The secret*

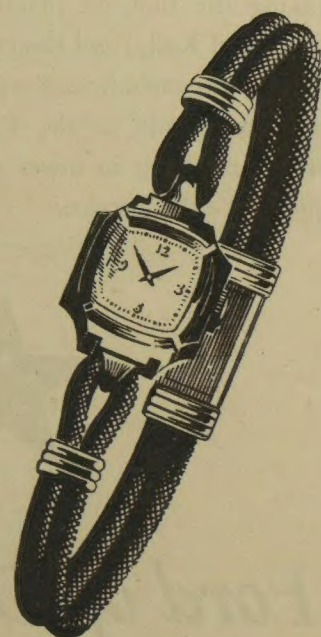
Switzerland is so famous for good watches that nine out of ten Swiss watches are exported — sold all over the world.

What is the Swiss secret?

Largely — specialisation. For three centuries Switzerland has been building up a nation within a nation. She gives her nation of 50,000 watchmakers the hardest, longest training any technician ever underwent. She gives them instruments, equipment, laboratories, production-methods that are the most advanced in the world. Result: she is watchmaker to the world.

But how can you, without expert knowledge, judge watches made by experts? Luckily, you've an expert near you: your qualified jeweller. As no one else can, he can tell you which is a good watch and why; give you full choice from the latest models; guarantee that a new watch is in perfect condition; give you skilled servicing in the future.

So ask a qualified jeweller to show you some good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watches. He will help you to choose.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND



Don't bother about a banquet

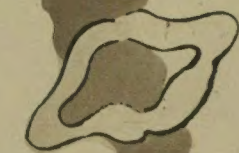
In the hundreds of times the lifeboat crews put out to sea, it is only once in a while, when the tide of events lifts routine courage to epic heroism, that their exploits hit the headlines. At other times, their swift-moving, ever-responsive reliability is taken for granted. In the motoring world, Ford reliability is accepted as inevitable and understood. The highlights are front page news (as for instance, when the Consul won the Tulip Rally, and the Zephyr swept to exciting victory at Monte Carlo, and the New Anglia made so dazzling a debut by taking the first six places in its class at the R.A.C. International Rally) but the excellence of any Ford product is normally expected from Ford. It does its duty well because it has been built in the Ford tradition—Ford's unique resources, resulting in lower prices for the purchaser, and unique after-sales Service.



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1954 EVENTS

- May-October Celebration of the VIIth Centenary of the Birth of Marco Polo
- June 15-22 Symphony Concerts at the St. Marc Basilic and in the Courtyard of Palazzo Ducale
Directed by MAESTRO STOKOWSKI
- June 19-Oct. 17 XXVIIth International Biennial Exhibition of Art
- June 20-Oct. 10 International Exhibition of Chinese Art
- July 3-4 IInd Competition of Venetian Song
- July-August XIIIth International Festival of Theatre
- July-August Musical Events at the Isle of San Giorgio
- July-October Exhibitions and Shows at Palazzo Grassi
- Aug. 22-Sept. 7 XVth International Exhibition of Cinematographic Art
- Sept. 11-23 XVIIth International Festival of Music

TRADITIONAL AND FOLKLORIC FEASTS

- The Feast of Lights at the Lido—June 27
- The Feast of the Redeemer—July 17
- Nocturnal Fresco on Canal Grande—August 21
- Historical Regatta—September 5
- Serenades on Canal Grande—June-September

INTERNATIONAL SPORTING COMPETITIONS

Fencing, Motor-cycling, Golf, Tennis, Shooting, Yachting, Skating, Aeronautics, etc.

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SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1954.



ONE OF THE HAPPIEST MOMENTS OF THE GLORIOUS ROYAL TOUR: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH GOING ABOARD H.M.Y. BRITANNIA FOR THE REUNION WITH THEIR CHILDREN, ON MAY 1.

On Saturday, May 1, her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh were reunited with their children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. During the course of the glorious and often deeply-moving events of the Royal Commonwealth Tour, the thoughts of the Queen and her husband must often have turned in anticipation to the moment when they would once more see their little son and daughter, from whom they had been parted since November. The

great moment came on May 1 after the Royal travellers had fulfilled a number of official engagements ashore following their arrival at El Adem Airport; at mid-day they left the jetty at Tobruk in the Royal barge. As her Majesty stepped aboard her new yacht *Britannia* the Royal Standard was broken; and she and her husband were quickly up the gangway, and into the passage between the after state-rooms, where they were once more able to embrace their children.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONCE a year, on May 29—Oak Apple Day—the scarlet-clad pensioners of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, march in procession past the inspecting Visitor and their own Governor, who stand in salute beside the statue of the Hospital's Royal founder, merry King Charles, crowned for the occasion with a wreath of oak-apple. For May 29 is the anniversary of his birthday, and the oak, it will be remembered, was the tree in whose branches, guarded by a peasant's loyalty, he hid in a dark hour for the English monarchy from the questing Roundheads riding through the woods below. Charles II. is not a Sovereign whom we normally associate with acts of military glory, though he proved himself a brave man on more than one occasion. But the heroism and devotion of the Penderell family on that far September day in the Boscobel woods is not unfitly remembered on this day of commemoration for old soldiers. For the Penderells stood by their King at a time when there was nothing between him and utter defeat and disaster but their ill-clad, little-accounted bodies and their great hearts and unshakable integrity. And most of the old soldiers who pass the evening of their days enjoying King Charles' benefaction in the colonnades and dormitories of Wren's noble hospital can look back to at least one day in their lives when on some stricken field they and their comrades did just this thing for their King and country. It is not victory that old soldiers look back to with the most pride. It is the hour when victory seemed far away, perhaps by all worldly measures even unattainable, but when, with no man's eye upon them and with nothing to sustain them but their pride in their calling and loyalty to their colours and comrades, they played the man and won the greatest of all victories—victory over their own selves. It is the memory

wreck wrought by their own former failure, of Prometheus bound on his rock but sustained "from its awful throne of patient power" by love—

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite,
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power which seems omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

And it is the theme of the greatest story in human history; of the scourged and crucified Christ taking upon his shoulders the sins of all our sinful and, but for that power of heroic sacrifice, doomed mortality.

And at the heart of the mystery lies the fact that the only real equality that exists in this world is the equal capacity of the humblest and greatest alike, of the stupidest and wisest, to rise above themselves and sacrifice all that they have. It is this alone that makes the doctrine of human equality not the sham that in all other respects it is, but a reality and the only ultimate reality. In his great novel, "The Way of Revelation"—for all its immaturity, one of the few major English prose works inspired by the first World War—the late Wilfred Ewart described, through the reflections of a wounded officer lying in no-man's land, an incident, based on reality, that occurred after a forlorn British counter-attack during the Battle of Cambrai in 1917:

And out of the tangle of his doubts and questionings and vague uncertainties understanding came at length. . . . Cornwallis, who was weak and a failure, who had endeavoured and wrestled with himself, who had suffered—he at the last had triumphed; those Lewis gunners, those sleepers yonder who knew nought of God,

THE ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.



ADDRESSING THE DISTINGUISHED COMPANY AT BURLINGTON HOUSE ON APRIL 28: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, THE PRIME MINISTER.

The annual banquet of the Royal Academy of Arts was held on April 28 at Burlington House, Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., presiding. Our photograph shows the company being addressed by the Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, who said that it was with genuine regret that they faced the fact that this was the last Royal Academy banquet over which Sir Gerald Kelly would preside. None had been more zealous in his search for the welfare of the Academy and British art in general than Sir Gerald. Sir Winston also referred to his speech at the previous banquet, when he had spoken

of that selfless victory that binds old soldiers to one another and makes their association seem so moving in retrospect. "The Boys of the Old Brigade" is not, perhaps, a great song, though it is a worthy and honest one. But as, on their Founder's Day, with their gnarled, weather-beaten faces peering out under their black, triangular Hogarthian hats, the old Pensioners of Chelsea Hospital hobble bravely to its measure past the Royal statue and saluting-base, the tune and its associations stir the heart more deeply than many a greater piece of music. For it recalls the soldier's devotion, which is, perhaps, all things considered, the highest poetry to which man ever attains on this planet of imperfections, betrayals and failures. It is the poetry of the man, however lowly,

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower . . .

The world is not, perhaps, a very satisfactory place at the present moment. I doubt if it ever has been or, for that matter, ever will be. There has always been, in one form or another, a nauseating triumph of the shoddy, half-baked and fifth-rate, a sacrifice and disregard of what is noble, a death or decay of love, a belittlement of beauty and honest achievement and their sacrifice to ignoble values. Power has always been abused, wealth, success and privilege sought and achieved by the ignoble. There has always been injustice, oppression, insolence and blindness in high place, tyranny, villainy and servitude. Yet the glory of man in this world arises out of just these circumstances. It springs from the principle of redemption; from the capacity of man, with all his frailties, to fall back on some inner fortress of virtue and valour in his own soul, and, by doing so, to transcend the defeat of good and the shame that is wrought in every age by human weakness, greed and selfishness. This triumph, so unexpected, so deeply moving when it comes, is the theme of all man's greatest poetry; of blinded Samson shaking the pillars of Gaza, of Othello and Lear and Anthony rising above the tragic

of conventional and unconventional art, saying that it was a shock a few months ago that he had heard that warfare was now being classified into conventional and unconventional forms. "These hitherto harmless, inoffensive terms now strike a knell in all our hearts," he continued, and added: ". . . the more the human mind is enriched and occupied and the conditions of our life here are improved and our capacities enriched, the greater is the chance that unconventional weapons, as these hideous apparitions are called, will lead . . . to the outlawry of war . . ."

who never thought of themselves, who never approached in imagination their own sublimity—out of the humble simplicity of their lives had been achieved the greatest of all things.

So he knew—though it was his last conscious thought—that there moved in the world something greater than fear, or grief or mental agony or earthly pain—some human force, undeniable, that triumphed over these and surpassed civilisation and vanquished the powers of the Prince of Darkness himself.*

It is the remembrance and realisation of this truth that makes the march of these battered old Pensioners in their antique scarlet coats on their Foundation Day Parade so moving and symbolic. It is a reminder that the fashions and triumphs of this world pass, that none have any ultimate reality compared with the enduring sacrifice of those who threw away the world to redeem the world, and that those who gave their lives in the two World Wars of our troubled age did something greater in the eternal scheme of things than anything that can be achieved by our own pettiness and selfishness:

There, holding still, in frozen steadfastness,
Their bayonets toward the beckoning frontiers,
They lie—our comrades—lie among their peers, . . .
Grim clusters under thorny trellises,
Dry, furthest foam upon disastrous shores,
Leaves that made last year beautiful, still strewn
Even as they fell, unchanged, beneath the changing moon;
And earth in her divine indifference
Rolls on, and many paltry things and mean
Prate to be heard and caper to be seen.

But they are silent, calm; their eloquence
Is that incomparable attitude;
No human presences their witness are,
But summer clouds and sunset crimson-hued,
And showers and night winds and the northern star.
Nay, even our salutations seem profane,
Opposed to their Elysian quietude.†

* Wilfred Ewart, "The Way of Revelation," Putnam.

† Alan Seeger, Poems, Constable, p. 173.

WHERE THE FAR EAST IS IN THE BALANCE: THE CONFERENCE OF GENEVA.



THE OPENING MEETING OF THE CONFERENCE OF GENEVA, IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE PALAIS DES NATIONS. THE NINETEEN NATIONAL DELEGATIONS ARE SEATED IN A HORSESHOE FORMATION, AT THE OPEN END OF WHICH (RIGHT) IS THE CHAIRMAN'S SEAT. THE FIRST CHAIRMAN WAS PRINCE WAN, FOREIGN MINISTER OF THAILAND.



A GENERAL VIEW OF SOME OF THE DELEGATIONS FROM BEHIND THE CHAIRMAN'S SEAT. IN THE FRONT ROW CAN BE SEEN M. BIDAULT, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, GENERAL NAM IL, OF NORTH KOREA (LEFT CENTRE), AND MR. LESTER PEARSON, OF CANADA; IN THE SECOND ROW, THE SOUTH KOREANS AND (RIGHT OF CENTRE) MR. CHOU EN-LAI, THE FOREIGN MINISTER OF CHINA; IN THE THIRD ROW, MR. DULLES (LEFT), MR. EDEN (CENTRE) AND MR. MOLOTOV (EXTREME RIGHT).

The Conference of Geneva—at which nineteen national delegations, including the four inviting nations (Great Britain, U.S.A., France and Russia), were to discuss Far Eastern problems—began on April 26 in the Council Chamber of the Palais des Nations, Geneva. The first meeting was brief and procedure was rapidly agreed, the chairmanship to be taken in daily rotation by Prince Wan of Thailand, Mr. Eden and Mr. Molotov, in that order. On April 27, the principal speeches were those made by the Northern and Southern Korean delegates, each presenting

his country's case forcibly but with less recrimination than had been expected. April 28 was marked by speeches by Mr. Chou En-lai and Mr. Dulles. Mr. Chou En-lai claimed that the presence of the Chinese delegation signified the arrival of China as a great Power, and he called for the abolition of all foreign military bases in Asia. Mr. Dulles said that the U.S. had withdrawn its troops from Korea too soon once before. On April 29, speeches on Korea were made by Mr. Casey, the Australian Foreign Minister; and Mr. Molotov.

A "MELODY IN BLOOMS" AT HOLLAND'S ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF FLOWERS: THE COLOURFUL SCENE AS THE PARADE PASSES THROUGH HILLEGOM.



"SWEDISH RHAPSODY": A VIKING SHIP, COMPLETE WITH A SWEDISH BEAUTY QUEEN, DURING THE "MELODY IN BLOOMS" FLOWER FESTIVAL IN HOLLAND.



THE DUTCH VERSION OF THE "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN"? AN AMUSING FIGURE, COMPRISED OF THOUSANDS OF LOVELY FLOWERS, IN THE ANNUAL FLOWER FESTIVAL.

THE centuries-old bulb-fields of Holland had a distinct Scottish military flavour about them this year during the annual Dutch Flower Festival when, on April 24, the Military Band of the 1st Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders and the Pipe Band of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders—seventy men in all—led the gargantuan one-and-a-half-mile flower parade through ten miles of bulb-fields and Dutch villages. It was the first time that foreign bands, which had travelled specially from their bases in the Rhineland, had been invited by the Dutch to take part in their traditional flower procession. The pictures on this page show some of the fifty motor-drawn floats passing through the village of

(Continued below, right.)

LARGE CROWDS LINED THE STREETS OF DUTCH VILLAGES AS THE FIFTY MOTOR-DRAWN FLOATS PASSED BY, TO CHEER AND ADMIRE THE WORK OF THE BULB-GROWERS.



ONE OF THE COLOURFUL FLOATS PROVIDED BY GROWERS AND LARGE BUSINESS CONCERNS DURING THIS YEAR'S COLOURFUL FLOWER FESTIVAL IN HOLLAND.



THE SONG OF FLOWERS ROUND THE WORLD: ONE OF THE SET-PIECES PASSING THROUGH HILLEGOM DURING THE "MELODY IN BLOOMS" FLOWER FESTIVAL, HOLLAND.



A DENIZEN OF THE DEEP: ONE OF THE SET-PIECES IN THE PARADE PASSING THROUGH HILLEGOM DURING THIS YEAR'S FLOWER FESTIVAL IN HOLLAND.



A REGAL FLOAT, MADE OF THOUSANDS OF BLOOMS FROM THE BULB-FIELDS OF HOLLAND, WHICH PARADED THROUGH THE STREETS OF HILLEGOM DURING THE FESTIVAL.



A SHIP OF FLOWERS FROM *THE ARABIAN NIGHTS*: A COLOURFUL FLOAT IN THE FLOWER FESTIVAL IN HOLLAND WHICH WAS CALLED "MELODY IN BLOOMS."

Continued.
Hillegom during the Festival. Each one is made up of thousands of gorgeous, coloured tulips, daffodils and other Dutch bulb flowers provided by growers and large business concerns, and representing a particular subject. This year the Festival has been called "Melody in Blooms," and dozens of volunteers played the human parts in a magnificently colourful scene witnessed by thousands who thronged the roadsides and the streets to admire and applaud.



"MELODY IN BLOOMS": A SET-PIECE, REPRESENTING VERDI'S OPERA *AIDA*, COMPRISED ENTIRELY OF GORGEOUS, COLOURED TULIPS, DAFFODILS AND OTHER DUTCH BULB FLOWERS.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

MESSAGE TO HONG KONG.

By FRANK DAVIS.



A LETTER from Hong Kong asking for information about Jade Carvings seems to call for rather more than a brief acknowledgment. Here, then, are a few facts, some speculation, and, maybe, a word or two of warning. Perhaps it would be as well to start with the warning, for I should imagine that there is as much near-jade and imitation jade in Hong Kong as anywhere else on earth; therefore the first thing to do is presumably to learn the "feel" of the real thing—and by that I mean what it feels to the touch as well as what it looks like—for a greenish soapstone in a poor light can be deceptive. Jade is very hard and very cold—soapstone is not cold and does actually live up to its name: it feels like soap. This is not to say there are not delightful soapstone carvings to be found; merely that they do not possess the peculiar quality of jade, neither its hardness nor its brightness nor its range of colour. If you are in doubt, take a penknife; the point will not scratch jade.

There are two sorts of jade: true jade, or nephrite, which reached China from Khotan, and jadeite, which began to be imported from Upper Burma during the eighteenth century. The two differ both chemically and structurally. Jadeite is composed of small grains, nephrite of short, interlocked fibres; jadeite is green, nephrite can be almost anything from yellow and green to black. For most people, however, and for ordinary purposes these fine distinctions are of no consequence; it is, however, important to remember that whereas to the West the word jade connotes colour, to the Chinese from time immemorial it has meant a precious stone possessing magical properties. It was used as a material for ritual objects, symbolising heaven and earth, for example, and for ornaments such as buckles; the style changes through the centuries and becomes more and more elaborate until, by the eighteenth century there appear to be no tricks left to play. Nor is modern work to be despised, though, to be sure, there is no lack of meretricious rubbish.

the same book, in speaking of the difficulty of working in so hard a material, he points out something which would never, I suggest, have occurred to any of us—namely, that in producing the bamboo, nature provided man with a first-class implement for drilling holes. He then shows us holes in small pieces of jade which he himself has drilled with a bamboo to confound the sceptics. Therefore, so the argument runs, there is no need for surprise that ritual or ornamental jades drilled in this manner should have been produced long before iron was known. Even today, we are told, the Chinese lapidary, and specially the jade carver, enjoys a status rather like that accorded to the European goldsmith. The finest work of any age shows an extraordinary respect for the material on the part of the carver—a virtue with which anyone who has discussed modern theories of sculpture will be familiar—and he is clever beyond words in using the discolorations of a rough pebble to emphasise a particular feature. For example, a dark patch will be so contrived that it provides an accent to the eyes of a

fish, or to the mane of a horse, or a pebble of, say, white and dark brown, will emerge, after infinitely patient work, as a brown crab lying on a white rock.

Another engaging habit which is peculiarly Chinese, but which is not wholly unknown to the West, is a liking for the correspondence between the original natural material and the scene which the artist conjures up from it. Fig. 1 is a pleasant example of such a thing: the outline of the pebble is hardly altered, but both sides are carved with pine-trees and travellers beneath conventional clouds. There is a famous example of this device in the Hall of Contentment in Old Age in the Forbidden City, Peking—a huge jade boulder, about 7 ft. in height, carved from top to bottom with scenes representing the flood-prevention works of the legendary Emperor Yü the Great. It is at once a monument to the patience and skill of the carver, to the esteem in which jade was held, and to the enthusiasm of the Emperor Ch'ien-Lung who, in 1788, had it suitably inscribed. He provided an inscription also for an even more famous piece—a wine vessel, about 4 ft. 6 ins. wide, carved all round with animals rising from waves, which dates from the Yuan Dynasty (1280-A.D. 1368).

Another very similar fantasy is illustrated in Fig. 2, a slab of green jade flecked with white, carved in low relief with pines against a background of rocks, with the same type of formalised clouds as in the boulder of Fig. 1. This slab is 8 ins. in height, and such agreeable bits of elegant nonsense were favourite objects on a table. The third photograph is of a bowl of spinach-green colour decorated with carving as crisp as a frosty morning and as monumental as the pyramids—or is that exaggerated language? Perhaps

I'm going a little too far. Anyway, it's pretty good by any standard and is just the example I want to show how reticent and yet how lively the craftsman in jade could be. You will also note how this man of the eighteenth century, whoever he was, had a proper reverence for antiquity while

working in what was at the time the contemporary style. The two handles, for example, are free versions in his own language of those monster-heads which had been conventional symbols on bronzes for at least 3000 years, while the two fish amid the water-reeds are age-old patterns of connubial happiness. The outside of the bowl is carved in low relief with stylised lotus leaves and flowers. All this must mean a great deal more to the Chinese than it can to us, but even so, we can well be content, I suggest, with the vigour of the design and its superb balance—how well the intricate curves of the centre portion play a variation upon the broad outer brim, how subtly the curves of the monsters' wings lose themselves in the body of the bowl!

Finally an old, old story which may be new to many, and which

has never appeared on this page. Once upon a time the Emperor sent for the finest jade carver among his people and gave him a piece of white jade with green markings. "Fashion this," said he, "into a dragon fighting two Dogs of Fo." The carver took up the rough pebble, turned it over and over in



FIG. 1. CARVED WITH PINE-TREES AND TRAVELLERS BENEATH CONVENTIONAL CLOUDS: A JADE "MOUNTAIN." EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. (Height, 10½ ins.)

This "mountain" of greyish green jade is carved on both sides with pine-trees and travellers beneath conventional clouds. The outline of the lump of jade has hardly been altered by the carver.



FIG. 2. CARVED IN LOW RELIEF WITH PINES AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF ROCKS AND FIGURES: A SLAB OF GREEN JADE FLECKED WITH WHITE. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. (Height, 8 ins.)

"This slab is 8 ins. in height, and such agreeable bits of elegant nonsense were favourite objects on a table." The formalised clouds are of the same type as those in the jade "mountain" of Fig. 1.



FIG. 3. OF SPINACH-GREEN JADE DECORATED WITH CRISP CARVING REPRESENTING FISH IN REEDS: A BOWL WITH MONSTER-HEAD HANDLES. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. The two fish amid water-reeds carved on this bowl are symbols of connubial happiness. The handles are free versions of those monster-heads which have been used on Chinese bronzes since the earliest times.

Photographs by courtesy of Sotheby's.

his hands, and replied respectfully: "Your Majesty, this is impossible, heaven has already decreed what lies in this piece of jade. There are in it four carp swimming among water-weeds in the lake of the Celestial Palace." Neither the Emperor nor his suite could see any carp nor any lake, but they allowed the man to go. Two years later he returned; there were four carp swimming among the weeds exactly as he had said.

COLLECTED BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.
CHINESE AND FABERGÉ ANIMALS, TO BE SOLD.



A PAIR OF CHINESE PORCELAIN FIGURES OF COCKS: EARLY CH'EN LUNG (1736-1796) PERIOD; ENAMELLED OVER THE GLAZE. (14 ins. high.)



A PAIR OF CHINESE PORCELAIN FIGURES OF RECUMBENT HORSES, EARLY K'ANG HSI (1662-1723) PERIOD; ENAMELLED ON THE BISCUIT. (4½ ins. high; 5½ ins. wide.)



A PAIR OF BRONZE FIGURES OF HORSES: LATE MING (1368-1644) PERIOD, WITH PIEBALD MARKINGS SPLASHED IN GOLD. (About 6 ins. long.)



A SITTING HEN WINE-EWER, ONE OF A PAIR: EARLY K'ANG HSI (1662-1723) PERIOD; WITH LATER DATE COVER. (5½ ins. high, 6 ins. wide.)



A MOSS-GREEN NEPHRITE FIGURE OF AN ELEPHANT WITH DIAMOND EYES, BY CARL FABERGÉ. (3½ ins. high, 4½ ins. long.)



AN OBSIDIAN MODEL OF A SHIRE HORSE: BY CARL FABERGÉ. MODELLED BY HIM WHEN ON A VISIT TO EDWARD VII. AT SANDRINGHAM. (5½ ins. high, 5½ ins. long.)



A CHINESE PORCELAIN FIGURE OF A STAG: K'ANG HSI (1662-1723) PERIOD; ENAMELLED ON THE BISCUIT. (19½ ins. high.)



A CHINESE MOSS-GREEN JADE TABLE SCREEN CARVED WITH HUNTING SCENES: CH'EN LUNG (1736-1796) PERIOD; ON A ROSEWOOD STAND. (Diameter, 10½ ins.)



A CLOISONNÉ ENAMEL EQUESTRIAN GROUP OF A MANDARIN RIDING A HORSE: CH'EN LUNG (1736-1796) PERIOD. (25 ins. high, 25 ins. wide.)

An interesting collection of models of animals and other works of art in Chinese porcelain, bronze, cloisonné enamel, and hardstones, and a group of models by the famous Russian artist, Carl Fabergé, formed by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, is coming up for sale at Christie's on May 20. The obsidian model of a Shire horse which we reproduce is one of three extant modelled by Fabergé during a visit to Edward VII. at Sandringham. The harness is of gold and the eyes of rubies. The Chinese porcelain figures of cocks have feather markings in *rouge*

de fer and gold, sepia tail feathers and *rouge de fer* wattles. The Chinese porcelain recumbent horses are decorated with sepia patches on aubergine and yellow grounds, the manes, tails and hooves enamelled in yellow and aubergine, and white biscuit collars. The hen wine-ewers are enamelled with feather markings in green, yellow and aubergine on yellow and aubergine grounds. The equestrian group in cloisonné enamel of a Mandarin riding a horse was formerly in the Rothschild collection.

THE STORY OF ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

"ANGELICA: THE PORTRAIT OF AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ARTIST"; By ADELINE HARTCUP.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, in its early days, was nothing if not comprehensive: amongst its first members were not only several Italian members, including Zuccarelli, Cipriani and Bartolozzi, and a German, Zoffany, but two Swiss women, Mary Moser and Angelica Kauffmann, the first of whom (a flower-painter, favoured at Court) has dropped out of notice, but the second still retains a sort of renown, especially in connection with Adam houses and their decorations. In her own day her fame was European.

It came to her early. She was born in the Grisons in 1741, only child of a painter. She was not forced: on the contrary "no one could have supported this complaint if they had seen how restive the child grew when she was called from her drawing, and how she tired of her toys and turned back to her pencils and brushes." At nine she produced an admirable pastel portrait; at twelve she painted the portrait of the Bishop of Como; at fourteen she began two years of commissioned portrait-painting at Milan, where the whole Court patronized her. An interval in Germany, where she painted frescoes of the twelve Apostles in a church, and she and her father returned to Italy. She was by this time a beautiful young woman, well-versed in several languages and literatures, and so diversely talented that even then her choice of a profession was not certain. "The journey," says Mrs. Hartcup, "started with a return to Milan, where her own fame and versatility confronted Angelica with an unexpected threat to her plans, and indeed to her whole purpose. For in Milan she found that her fame had in no way tarnished while she was away. The capital of Lombardy was a centre for music and opera as well as for painting, and Angelica's talents seemed equally divided. Her fine voice and accomplished playing on both clavichord and zither, added to her tall and graceful appearance, naturally prompted the suggestion that she should abandon the difficulties of a painter's career for the applause, pleasures, and rewards she was sure to find in music and opera. Kauffmann's vigour and ability were waning with his fortune, and music offered early hopes of success and prosperity. Moreover, was Angelica's delicate health

this picture and Reynolds' similar painting of Garrick hesitating between the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy, painted in England at about this time. . . . Angelica's picture shows her in the centre, bidding farewell to Music on her left, while on the right Painting, with a palette and brushes in one hand, points with the other to the Temple of Fame." For Music was abandoned. An old priest advised her that a musical career threatened a young girl with special dangers, and that rehearsals and performances might prevent her from regular attendance at Mass.

There were drawbacks also, to contemporary eyes, in painting as a feminine pursuit: it was indecorous, even in Dr. Johnson's eyes, for a young woman to stare at male models and sitters, as she was obliged to do if she were painting them. However, the painter's social status was higher than the musician's, and the choice once made, Angelica soared rapidly. She progressed through Rome, Florence and Naples, painting Royal and noble persons, and especially

were married secretly by a Catholic priest, and publicly in St. James's Church, Piccadilly. He revealed himself as a tyrant at once, and when she refused to discard her father and leave London, he began (after failing to kidnap her) to blackmail her. It turned out in the end that he was an adventurer, who had probably been at one time valet to a real Count de Horn, who had committed frauds, under various names, in various foreign cities and



MRS. ADELINE HARTCUP, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE. Mrs. Adeline Hartcup was educated at Roedean and Oxford, and served for three years during the war at the Admiralty. She has had a varied career as a journalist, including art and music criticism, reviewing, and writing for a farming paper. She is married to a writer who is also a publisher. She is working on a novel and also on a translation from the Italian. "Angelica," a biography of Angelica Kauffmann, is her first published book.

who was beyond question a bigamist. She acted with great generosity. She paid him money to depart, but refused to procure his conviction for bigamy and the nullification of her marriage, as she felt his punishment should be left to God.

Her career continued on the old lines. She was even one of six artists (Reynolds being one) chosen to design pictures for the adornment of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Dean and Chapter proposed the scheme, the King favoured it, but the Bishop quashed it on the grounds that sacred pictures were Popery. There was no shortage of other buildings to be decorated with her nymphs and fountains and swags of flowers; and she practised in England until 1781, when she married Zucchi, the Venetian painter, and went back to Italy, living until 1807. Amongst her later friends was Goethe. Her merits were celebrated by poets of several nations in verse, not all of great merit, which Mrs. Hartcup freely quotes.

I do not think there are any "new" facts in this biography; but it is written charmingly, with a feeling for the period and a sense of humour. The illustrations are interesting, though I think a larger proportion of them should have shown Angelica's own productions:



ANGELICA'S PICTURE OF HERSELF HESITATING BETWEEN MUSIC AND PAINTING.

By permission of the Hon. R. D. G. Winn, M.C.

Illustrations from the book "Angelica"; by Courtesy of the Publisher, William Heinemann, Ltd.

attracting notice from the swarms of English gentry who traversed the country to see pictures and antiques—Horace Walpole said that at one time there were forty thousand of these tourists in Italy! England, she was soon persuaded, was the place for her. At twenty-five she arrived in London with her father, and at twenty-seven she was elected a founder member of George III's new Royal Academy, whose early story Mrs. Hartcup tells in a very sprightly way.

She worked astonishingly hard at portraits, classical subject pictures, and decorative panels. Houses everywhere, even in Dublin, soon swarmed with her productions—as also with others which in time were attributed to her. Six hundred engravings were made from her works, especially by Bartolozzi, whose style fitted her rather saccharine elegance like a glove, and she was chosen to do four allegorical panels for the Royal Academy which still adorn a ceiling at Burlington House. Socially she had the world at her feet. The Danish Prime Minister visiting London wrote of her: "She has a peculiar and most womanly dignity which inspires the utmost respect. She is about twenty-seven, by no means a beauty, nevertheless extremely attractive. The character of her face belongs to the type Domenichino loved to paint; the features are noble, the expression sweet; it would be impossible to pass such a face without looking at it, and having looked, you must admire, and there are moments when she is absolutely beautiful; thus, when she is seated at her harmonia, singing Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*, her large, expressive eyes are piously raised to Heaven, her inspired look helps the expression of the divine words. At this moment she is a living Saint Cecilia." She must, in that vein, have borne a strong family resemblance to her own tall, languishing, tastefully-draped goddesses and graces.

Suitors she had, according to gossip, many, including very eminent members of her own profession. Any one of several she might have accepted without disaster; but when at last she succumbed it was to an unmitigated rogue. There appeared in London a charming and temporarily popular man who called himself the Count de Horn and hinted at vast riches behind him on the Continent. He proposed, she accepted, they



ANGELICA'S PORTRAIT OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

By permission of the Earl of Morley.

equal to the strain of her strenuous artistic studies? It was indeed a hard decision to take, and Angelica described her doubts in a picture she painted in 1760, showing herself as 'A Female Figure allured by Music and Painting.' There is a strange likeness between



ANGELICA; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

By permission of the Earl Spencer.

such pictures as Zoffany's of Charles Towneley and his collection are familiar in many other places. It is a first book, and now that Mrs. Hartcup has found her feet she might well tackle a larger subject in a more substantial way.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 770 of this issue.

* "Angelica: The Portrait of an Eighteenth-Century Artist." By Adeline Hartcup. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 21s.)



(ABOVE.) THE BEGINNING OF THE BLIZZARD IN WHICH THE YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHER AND ALL HIS COMPANIONS PERISHED: THE STORM BREAKING ON THE PARTY OF THREE TEACHERS AND TEN SCHOOLBOYS IN THE DACHSTEIN MOUNTAINS.



THE CAMERA IN WHICH THE FILM OF THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS FOUND BELONGED TO ONE OF THE PARTY OF THIRTEEN, ALL OF WHOM PERISHED.



ON the morning of April 15, the Thursday before Good Friday, a party of thirteen Germans—two schoolmasters, a schoolmistress and ten boys between fifteen and seventeen, were last seen on a mountain slope in the Dachstein Mountains, above Lake Hallstadt, in Upper Austria. Fog, storm and blizzard followed; and on April 24 search parties at last found the bodies of one of the

(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) THREE OF THE ILL-FATED PARTY FROM A GERMAN SCHOOL CLAMBERING UP A SNOW SLOPE: ANOTHER PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE CAMERA FOUND WITH THE FIRST BODIES DISCOVERED.



AMONG THE ONLY RECORDS OF THE LOST PARTY'S LAST HOURS: A GROUP, INCLUDING (LEFT) FRAULEIN VOLMER, THE ONLY WOMAN OF THE PARTY.



HERR SEILER (RIGHT FOREGROUND), THE LEADER OF THE PARTY, ALL OF WHOM PERISHED, SEEN LEADING A STRING OF BOYS INTO DEEP SNOW: ONE OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS FOUND IN A CAMERA WITH THE BODIES.



MEMBERS OF THE AUSTRIAN SEARCH PARTY LAYING FLOWERS ON THE COFFINS OF THE ONLY NINE MEMBERS OF THE PARTY OF THIRTEEN WHICH HAD BEEN FOUND BY THAT DATE.

THE POIGNANT RECORD OF AN ALPINE DISASTER: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LAST HOURS OF THE PARTY FOUND IN A SCHOOLBOY'S CAMERA.

(Continued.) masters, the mistress and one boy; and a little later, near by, the bodies of six boys huddled together. With them was found the box-camera of one of them, Dieter Steck, containing an exposed film. All the photographs on this page (except that at the bottom of the page, right) are printed from that film and are

the only record of what happened to the party after their ascent—against all local advice—into the mountains. At the date of writing, the bodies of the leader of the party, Herr Hans Seiler, and the other three boys, had not yet been found. All those found had died of exposure.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

PARIS—SAIGON—DIEN BIEN PHU.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

THE Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Richard Nixon, remarked recently that if the Battle of Dien Bien Phu were lost, it would be lost in Paris and Saigon, not on the spot. This is a tragic verdict, but almost certainly correct. So far as can be estimated at this distance, the men on the spot have done all that is possible. I am not alluding only to the courage of the defence, which has obviously been of the highest order, but also to the measures taken by the local commander, General de Castries. Since the forces of the Viet Minh first sat down in front of Dien Bien Phu, the nature of the war has changed, because the equipment of the attackers has been so greatly improved; They are now powerfully furnished with artillery; above all, anti-aircraft artillery of a modern type. This factor has played at least as great a part as their numerical superiority—estimated to be three or four to one—in reducing the defence to a desperate situation. There is no reason to doubt the claim of the Viet Minh command that a considerable proportion of the supplies dropped by parachute has been falling into its hands.

The French Union Commander-in-Chief, General Navarre, placed his reliance on supply by air to feed, maintain and reinforce the post. He seems to have had no hope of relieving it by a marching column, and the Viet Minh has kept his strength fully employed by great activity elsewhere. Obviously, this method justified itself to the extent that Dien Bien Phu would have fallen long ago without it. It, has however, proved a more and more precarious and inadequate method. The first deadly blow dealt the garrison was the loss of the use of the airfield. This meant that aircraft could no longer land, that the wounded could not be removed, and that reliance had to be placed on the parachute for all supplies and reinforcements. Some of the men recently dropped had had no training in the technique. Meanwhile the perimeter of defence was being steadily reduced by interruptions by the enemy. Those who have seen anything of war will find no difficulty in picturing to themselves the state of affairs within the perimeter and the final plight of the defence.

General Navarre was assuredly in a grave predicament when he decided to hold the place at all costs. If he did not do so, he probably resigned himself to giving the enemy a free hand in Laos. If he did, he risked the loss of the whole garrison. He has been heavily criticised. Not having been on the scene, I prefer not to join the critics. Speaking theoretically, and theoretically only, a counter-offensive against the enemy's communications might be suggested as an alternative. It may be, however, that the resources for this were not available. This has been the trouble throughout. French Governments have not dared to face public opinion and to tell it the truth, which is that wars cannot be won by half-measures, and that a country which will not commit citizen soldiers can hardly hope to win a war on this scale, even though it sacrifices heroic officers and sub-officers; enlists foreigners and enrolls local troops. Recent evidence makes it clear that the training of the Vietnamese forces, and perhaps their ardour for their business—the two are to a great extent inseparable—have not been all that could have been desired.

The night before writing this article I switched on the radio at random and found myself listening to a commentary from Paris by a French speaker which I found shocking. A tearful, high-pitched voice informed me that France was in the grip of the United States and, to a lesser degree, of the United Kingdom, and that the French Government had resigned the direction of its affairs in South-East Asia to these overlords. Now, it said, the United States would perhaps not allow the French to stop fighting, as they so eagerly desired to. I cannot believe that this voice really represented France, though the B.B.C. had presumably chosen it as representative, and trust that this is not the case. To a listener who had known France as well as I had, admired her, lived with her troops in a great war, the experience was depressing. The pleasant, cool and sensible voice of Mr. Casey, the Australian Foreign Minister, which followed in a conversation on the Geneva Conference, brought relief.

Doubtless the Battle of Dien Bien Phu would have been fought in any case, and probably it would have gone ill for the French. We cannot, however, doubt that the enemy has made an extra effort to precede and coincide with the Geneva Conference. This largely accounts, in all probability, for the new weapons put at the disposal of the Viet Minh by the Chinese, though

the latter may also have been pursuing a policy of tit for tat and increasing their military aid as the Americans increased theirs on the other side. The first consideration may account also for the notable rise in the enemy's vigour, determination and persistence in the face of heavy losses. Mr. Nehru has stated that an increased military effort on the eve of a conference called in the hope of a settlement does not pay. He may be right in saying that it does not pay humanity, but it may pay the side which resorts to it. Can anyone doubt that the Viet Minh, with the aid of its Chinese backers, have increased the bargaining power, if not of itself, at least of the Russians and Chinese at Geneva? For some time it has been clear that no military



THE FRENCH MINISTER OF DEFENCE, M. RENE PLEVEN (LEFT), AT DIEN BIEN PHU IN JANUARY THIS YEAR, WITH (AT THE WHEEL OF THE JEEP) BRIG.-GENERAL (THEN COLONEL) DE CASTRIES, THE COMMANDER OF THE BELEAGUERED FORCES. ON THE RIGHT IS GENERAL COGN, C.-IN-C., FRENCH FORCES, HANOI.

This photograph was taken during M. Plevin's visit to Indo-China, when he was gaining first-hand information on the crisis.



FRENCH PARACHUTISTS DRESSED IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES TO AVOID INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS, ASSEMBLE AT ONLY AIRPORT FOR EMBARKATION IN AMERICAN GLOBEMASTERS, AS REINFORCEMENTS TO INDO-CHINA.

In his article on this page Captain Falls discusses the situation in Indo-China, especially in the light of the heroic resistance of General de Castries and his men at Dien Bien Phu and the opening of the Geneva Conference on April 26. The visit of M. Plevin to Indo-China early in the year, including an actual inspection of Dien Bien Phu before the Communist assault opened, had much to do in forming his report on the situation early in March, and so on French policy subsequently. The transport of French troops by air in American Globemaster transports to Indo-China evoked a statement by Mr. Nehru on April 22 that such aircraft would not be allowed to fly over India. Neither Pakistan nor Ceylon, however, raised any objection to these aircraft refuelling at Karachi or Colombo. The troops concerned, however, travelled in civilian dress.

victory for the French Union is to be looked for. The events of the last few weeks have settled the question. The French Government has put aside the idea. The United States Government's spokesmen have occasionally stated that victory is still possible, but it is certain that none of the participants in the Geneva Conference have entered it with the expectation that the great Viet Minh revolt against France can now be defeated by force of arms. The late Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny said that there were two essentials for victory: arms, and the support of the country. The French have got the arms. They are far better armed and equipped than when he defeated the Viet Minh offensive in the Red River Delta. The support of the country has been insufficient, either because the spirit or the organisation has been at fault, if not for both reasons. I am not being

unduly pessimistic, but trying to interpret events and the tone of public announcements. They cannot be mistaken.

It may also be accepted that a truce on Korean lines is unattainable. The revolt is too widespread for that. There is not one front. There are many. Marking the positions on a map would entail the use of a number of circles, big and small, not that of a single line, as in Korea. If a single line of partition were proposed, the Eastern contingents at Geneva would undoubtedly demand that the Red River Delta and Hanoi should be on their side of it. If these Eastern delegates really desire a settlement, or even an armistice while a final political settlement is thrashed out, the difficulties, great as they may be, will not prove insuperable. It would be possible to arrange a cessation of arms even in the present circumstances, one based on the areas of operations now in progress. It might, of course, turn out that the Communists did want an armistice but that their demands were so excessive as to reduce the conference to a mere indeterminate wrangle. By the time these lines appear the situation will be clearer in this respect.

Indo-China stands for two serious problems neither of which is the future of France in the country, though both may be linked with it. The first concerns the spread of Asian Communism. By reason of its position and of its rice-crop, Indo-China is a key-point in South-East Asia. Only the weak and shaky State of Siam separates it from Malaya. Though it is as far from Australia as the Urals from London, it has a real significance for Australia, as the Government of that country thoroughly understands. The material gain of setting up a Communist régime in Indo-China would be as great as the moral, which is saying a great deal. France has said that she will not submit to such a development, while at the same time large sections of French opinion resent any hint of outside interference from her allies, in the belief that this would prolong the war. It would surely be wise to keep the possibility of outside aid in the locker, and not deny that it was still there. To negotiate with any enemy while the locker is manifestly empty is undesirable—with Communism it is likely to be fatal.

The second problem concerns the fate of French friends and sympathisers. This, it seems to me, affects most of all people of the middle sort. Adherents from the masses might have an unhappy time, but it is improbable that they would be singled out for vengeance. The leading officials would probably decide to leave the country. In between these classes

there must be a large number who could not get out but who would suffer if they stayed. I have suggested that the future of French connection with Indo-China comes only third in the reckoning; but the future of French civilians, who are still numerous and whose all is often invested in the country, is another matter. Every effort must be made to insure that this community is not sacrificed. But it would be easier said than done if no agreement were reached and resistance to the Viet Minh were to collapse. One cannot envy the negotiators at Geneva. They have to do their best with indifferent hands of cards, and it is only this year that their opponents have enjoyed such good ones. But the Westerners need not state in advance that they were going to play their high cards under higher.

Clausewitz remarked that in a minor war it might be reasonable to make only a minor effort, and that this had a chance of achieving success, provided the enemy's motives were not on a higher plane. He went on to say, however, that he who relied on this minor effort should beware lest he suddenly found himself attacked with a sharp sword when he had only a dress rapier in his

hand. The precept is eternal. The dilemma of France has indeed been difficult, because when it was first realised that the enemy had indeed a sharp sword ready, the danger in Europe was at its height and France had no more than a number of partially-trained and half-armed young conscripts, not an army, with which to face it. The basic trouble has been the division of opinion in the country, which has paralysed one Government after another. Indeed, the division of opinion has extended to the Governments themselves, including the present Government. The Press has not helped with talk of "holding out till Geneva," as if the conference were the referee's whistle, the signal for both sides to retire to their dressing-rooms. French strength in Indo-China still remains considerable. That is an asset which should not be discounted in advance.

AT DIEN BIEN PHU: GENERAL DE CASTRIES, AND OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE HEROIC GARRISON.

THE eyes of the world have for over fifty-five days been fixed on Dien Bien Phu, the strong-point in Indo-China which General de Castries and his garrison of French, Vietnamese, North Africans, Thai and Foreign Legionaries have held against an enemy at least three times as strong. These photographs give some idea of conditions in the fortress. On March 28 an Air Force nurse, Mlle. Genevieve de Calard-Terraube, arrived to evacuate wounded, but her aircraft was destroyed by enemy attack; and she remained to succour the casualties. The entire garrison has been cited for the *Croix de Guerre avec Palme*; and a number of officers have been promoted. As recorded in our issue of May 1, the Commander, formerly Colonel de Castries (whose portrait we published), has been promoted Brigadier-General. On May 2 it was announced that a fresh assault had been launched and that in the fierce attack three important positions had fallen, including the isolated post "Isabelle," later reported retaken. Ammunition and reinforcements were parachuted into the perimeter.

(RIGHT.) COMPLETELY FEARLESS AND A HIGHLY EFFICIENT REGIMENTAL OFFICER: GENERAL DE CASTRIES, THE HEROIC COMMANDER OF DIEN BIEN PHU.



INSPECTING MEN OF HIS GARRISON: GENERAL DE CASTRIES (RIGHT) AND GENERAL COGNY; AND (INSET, IN CIRCLE) COLONEL ANDRÉ LALANDE, COMMANDER OF THE ISOLATED POST "ISABELLE," REPORTED TO HAVE FALLEN ON MAY 2 AND BEEN RETAKEN.



SHOWING THE DUG-OUTS, BARBED WIRE AND SANDBAGGED DEFENCES: A VIEW OF DIEN BIEN PHU, WITH, IN THE CENTRE (L. AND R.), GENERAL COGNY AND GENERAL DE CASTRIES.



AT A MIDNIGHT CELEBRATION OF MASS: GENERAL DE CASTRIES, SECOND FROM LEFT, AND A GROUP OF OFFICERS. IT WAS REPORTED ON MAY 3 THAT THE AREA OF THE FORTRESS WAS REDUCED TO A MILE AND A HALF ACROSS.



OFFICERS OF THE GARRISON, RECENTLY PROMOTED: THIRD FROM LEFT, LIEUT.-COLONEL M. M. BIGEARD; WEARING PARACHUTE BADGE, COLONEL P. C. A. LANGLAIS; AND, EXTREME RIGHT (WITH PIPE), LIEUT.-COLONEL H. DE SEGUINS PAZZIS.

ITEMS AMERICAN, RUSSIAN AND BRITISH.



A CIVIL DEFENCE TEST IN SPOKANE, IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON, U.S.A.: A WHOLESALE EVACUATION OF THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF THE CITY.

On April 26 Spokane, in the State of Washington, held a full-scale test of the city's Civil Defence plans; in the course of which—during a day of light rain—the business district was evacuated for half an hour while aircraft and anti-aircraft defences held an exercise.



RUSSIAN DANCERS OF THE BERYOZKA DANCE ENSEMBLE FROM MOSCOW—IN THE FINALE OF A COSSACK-STYLE ENSEMBLE AT THE STOLL THEATRE, LONDON.

On April 26 a company of ensemble dancers from Moscow opened at the Stoll Theatre for a limited season in a programme called "Beryozka." The dancers are all girls and the programme consisted mainly of singularly well-drilled ensembles—of which a castor-like gliding is a prominent feature.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH TO BE PUBLISHED OF THE ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH METEOR NIGHT-FIGHTER 14: A NOTABLE FEATURE IS THE CANOPY, WITH A VERY WIDE VIEW. This aircraft is an adaptation of the Meteor airframe to meet a night-fighter specification and it is virtually a completely new aircraft, although it has most of the external characters of the Gloster Meteor. Notable, however, are the long fuselage, with the nose housing the radar; and the very wide view from the long sliding canopy.

THE DANISH ROYAL VISIT TO HOLLAND.



THE OPENING OF THE DANISH ROYAL VISIT TO THE NETHERLANDS: QUEEN INGRID OF DENMARK DRIVING WITH THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS IN AMSTERDAM.



THE DUTCH GOVERNMENT'S RECEPTION IN THE HALL OF THE KNIGHTS: IN THE RIGHT CENTRE FOREGROUND CAN BE SEEN KING FREDERIK AND QUEEN INGRID.



AT THE DINNER AT THE DANISH LEGATION, GIVEN BY THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK: ON THE RIGHT, QUEEN JULIANA WITH KING FREDERIK; AND FACING THEM, QUEEN INGRID AND THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS.

On April 26 King Frederik and Queen Ingrid of Denmark arrived in Amsterdam for a three-day State visit—a return visit to that paid by Queen Juliana and the Prince of the Netherlands to Denmark last year. The King and Queen of Denmark were accompanied by Hr. Hansen, the Danish Foreign Minister. Among the principal events of their stay was a visit to Rotterdam, which included a tour of the harbour and an inspection of the aircraft-carrier *Karel Doorman*; a reception given by the Dutch Government in the Hall of the Knights; and a dinner given at the Danish Legation at The Hague by the King and Queen of Denmark to their hosts. On the last day of their visit, King Frederik and Queen Ingrid were taken by their hosts to a flower auction at Aalsmeer, near Amsterdam.

THE GREEK EARTHQUAKE, AND SPORTING, ARBOREAL AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL ITEMS.



THE PLOUGHING-UP OF BARROWS IN THE NORMANTON GROUP: TWO OBSERVERS STANDING ON THE SITE OF AN OBLITERATED BARROW, WATCHING THE "PRAIRIE BUSTER" AT WORK. Following a protest in a letter to *The Times* on reported damage to the Normanton group of barrows (ancient burial mounds), near Stonehenge, the Minister of Works, and later an inspector from the Ministry, visited the site. It has been agreed to suspend the operation of the so-called "prairie buster" in the area.



UPROOTING THE YEWE HEDGE ON THE ST. JAMES'S PARK SIDE OF BIRDCAGE WALK: AN OPERATION TABLED AS THE SUBJECT FOR A QUESTION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. Yews planted in Birdcage Walk alongside the barriers erected to replace railings removed during the war are being uprooted; and will be used elsewhere in London. Mr. J. Arbuthnot, M.P., has tabled a question in the House of Commons for May 4 about their cost, reasons for removal, numbers and so forth.



BEFORE THE KICK-OFF FOR THE F.A. CUP FINAL: THE QUEEN MOTHER, TO WHOM THE TEAMS WERE PRESENTED, SHAKING HANDS WITH A MEMBER OF THE WEST BROMWICH ALBION SIDE. H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and H.R.H. Princess Margaret were present at the final match of the Football Association Challenge Cup competition at Wembley on May 1, when, before a crowd estimated at 100,000, West Bromwich Albion, runners-up in the League Championship, beat Preston North End by three goals to two and won the coveted trophy for the fourth time. H.M. the Queen Mother presented the cup to the Albion captain, L. Millard. The occasion was West Bromwich Albion's ninth, and Preston North End's sixth F.A. Cup final.



RECEIVING THE F.A. CUP FROM H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER: L. MILLARD, CAPTAIN OF THE WEST BROMWICH ALBION SIDE WHICH DEFEATED PRESTON NORTH END BY THREE GOALS TO TWO AT WEMBLEY.



THE EARTHQUAKE DISASTER IN THESSALY, GREECE: THE SCENE IN DOMOKOS, WITH HOMELESS WOMEN AND CHILDREN CAMPING OUT, AND A WRECKED HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND.

A violent earthquake rocked towns and villages over a wide area in Thessaly, central Greece, on April 30, wrecking over 1200 houses, and rendering some 10,000 people homeless; and was followed by further shocks. Larissa, Volo, Sophades, Pharsala, Domokos and other places were devastated; some thirty-one people were



NOW PERCHED ON RUINED HOUSES IN PHARSALA: STORKS WHOSE AGITATION BEFORE THE FIRST EARTHQUAKE SHOCK WARNED PEOPLE OF THE COMING DISASTER.

killed and at least 160 injured. Loss of life would have been greater but for the storks. Before the shock they took to the air in an agitated manner, and villagers, realising this was a presage of danger, came into the open. King Paul and the Crown Prince went immediately to visit the stricken area.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A HEREAFTER FOR HYACINTHS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IN my son's near-by garden there is flowering just now—late April—a most attractive colony of many-coloured hyacinths: pink, blue, crimson, white, lavender and deep sapphire. They have accumulated during the last four or five years, as a by-product of the ever-popular practice of growing hyacinths in the house for early flowering. Each spring, directly they had finished their job, the bulbs were planted out in an irregular colony in a mixed border. There they have become well established, and without further trouble or attention they come up year after year, and make a singularly gay splash of colour. At this time of year gold and yellow are apt to predominate in the garden, especially the forsythias, the daffodils and the Munstead polyanthus—and, in my own garden, double gorse—so that the fresh, rather juicy tones of blue, lavender, rose and carmine, of these hyacinths is particularly welcome. In my garden in Hertfordshire I colonised my pot hyacinths each year in the rough grass of an orchard, where they held their own and lived on to flower, year after year, almost indefinitely. This way of planting out bulbs, after growing them for early spring display in the house, might, and should, be practised far more often than it is. Why, after enduring considerable personal discomfort in order to give us a great deal of pleasure—why should they end up ignominiously in the dust-bin? Why not plant them out in the garden and give the poor devils a chance of convalescing, and so enjoying a hereafter? This applies not only to hyacinths but to all the other bulbs that we grow in the same way: daffodils and narcissi of all sorts, tulips, crocus, scillas, chionodoxas and the rest. Flat- and town-dwellers who have no gardens can not, of course, indulge in this act of mercy, though in many cases such unfortunates might farm the bulbs out on friends or relations who have gardens in the country, and who would be willing to give them a chance of survival. Perhaps this last suggestion is carrying tenderheartedness a trifle too far, but the gay colony of hyacinths in my son's garden and lesser plantings in my own, do make a most eloquent appeal for greater consideration and more humane treatment for down-and-out misplaced bulb populations.

In this connection, however, I would suggest that amateur gardeners who are willing and prepared to grant their spring house-grown bulbs at least a chance of a hereafter, should grow them whenever possible in pans and flower-pots of soil, rather than in bowls of fibre, without drainage. Bulbs which have been grown in real soil in a flower-pot become far less exhausted and debilitated than those which have performed in an undrained bowl full of bulb-fibre. In making this suggestion I feel that I shall not be bringing the bulb-bowl-and-prepared-fibre industry to ruin. So very few will follow my advice. Procuring earthen pans, and flower-pots, and soil, would probably entail a little extra trouble and, alas! with many folk a little trouble is a fatal deterrent.

But good potting soil can be obtained from any nursery and from most seed and bulb shops, and any who do not stock it should be willing to procure it. Of course, bulb fibre is lighter, easier and cleaner to handle, but, on the other hand, handling real soil, and getting nicely grubby is far nearer real gardening than using those peat-moss-and-charcoal confections. There is one grave consideration, however, in growing spring bulbs in pots and pans of soil, as opposed to having them in fibre in china or plastic

bowls. Real gardeners' flower-pots and pans, are not, so to speak, house-trained. For the sake of one's furniture they must be stood in saucers, or dishes, or bowls. But do not let this deter you. This amenity is no more than is necessary for the pot-plants you buy—cyclamen, primulas, ericas and azaleas—and if you find yourself short of saucers, that will make an excellent excuse for becoming a collector and picker-up of suitable saucers for pot plants. Last autumn I bought, and planted in a pot of soil, some bulbs of the Lady Tulip, *Tulipa clusiana*. I brought them on in my unheated greenhouse, and for a week or two in early April they

A year or two ago a friend gave me a bulb of *Narcissus* "Chinese White." A truly noble gift, for it is one of the newer, rarer varieties.

Although not in the 50-guinea class, it was and, I believe, still is catalogued at guineas rather than shillings. But what to me is all-important, is that it is a very lovely thing, and a good, hearty doer. In stiff, very stony ground it has flourished exceedingly, and increased in a most satisfactory way, so that there are now half-a-dozen flowers. So ignorant am I of narcissus lore and jargon that I could not say which particular class "Chinese White" belongs to. I can only describe it as looking like a large Poet or Pheasant's-eye narcissus, white petalled and with a pale creamy-white, pleasantly-frilled centre. It is without any of those larger-than-life qualities which have been inflicted upon so many of the super-duper modern narcissi. Its petals are pleasantly irregular instead of being ironed out dead flat as in many show narcissi, and the cup is not over-frilled or over-developed. In fact, it seems to me to have the assurance and quiet beauty of perfect breeding. And it uses just the right perfume.

What a fascinating occupation breeding narcissi must be, and what a lucrative gamble it seems to be capable of becoming in the right hands. I remember staying many years ago with an amateur *Narcissus* King—one of the most distinguished of his day. But perhaps amateur is not quite the correct term. Although he would have been shocked to be called a professional and horrified to be called a nurseryman, he made a very handsome income out of selling his new narcissus bulbs. Perhaps "shamateur" would meet the case. I remember him saying to me, as a sort of figure of speech, in connection with his selling of bulbs: "I never put a fork into the ground under a guinea."

That's the spirit! It reminds me of an authentic case in narcissus finance which happened some years ago. A "small grower" in this country raised what he recognised as an outstandingly valuable narcissus. A friend of mine, a professional, bought the entire stock for a thousand pounds, kept and increased it for a few years, and then sold half the stock to a syndicate of Dutch bulb-growers for £12,000.

My "shamateur" narcissus-breeder friend formed such a low opinion of my understanding of narcissus-technique—and finance—that he even took me into the inner sanctum, or holy-of-holies, where he grew all his very latest and finest productions before putting them on the market, or even allowing prospective buyers to see them. This was a relatively small plot of ground enclosed by a high, unclimbable fence of corrugated iron and a heavily padlocked door.

Here, as I say, he kept his very latest and finest productions until he had increased the stocks of them to a marketable extent, and until he had sold their less august predecessors. He thus always had coming on each year a few outstanding improvements, and at the same time he always had in the background, in that inner sanctum, still other and finer generations with which to tempt both amateur and professional speculators. I do not know how many years ago "Chinese White" first made its appearance. Possibly the experts may by now regard it as being, so to speak, "in the effete manner of last Thursday." It is thus that fashions in flowers change. But, nevertheless, the beauty of "Chinese White" remains constant.



"IT SEEMS TO ME TO HAVE THE ASSURANCE AND QUIET BEAUTY OF PERFECT BREEDING. AND IT USES JUST THE RIGHT PERFUME." A RELATIVELY NEW NARCISSUS VARIETY "CHINESE WHITE"—"WHITE PETALLED AND WITH A PALE CREAMY-WHITE, PLEASANTLY-FRILLED CENTRE . . . WITHOUT ANY OF THOSE LARGER-THAN-LIFE QUALITIES WHICH HAVE BEEN INFLICTED UPON SO MANY OF THE SUPER-DUPER MODERN NARCISSI." AWARDED A FIRST-CLASS CERTIFICATE BY THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

were enchanting in the house, with their slender, graceful stems and long, pointed buds and half-open flowers, each white outer segment with its central stripe of soft red. Now, at the end of April, the pot is standing out in the garden, waiting for the Lady Tulips to be planted out permanently in some sunny bed.

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THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S VISIT TO THE LARGEST REFINERY OF ITS TYPE BEING BUILT IN THE COMMONWEALTH: A VIEW OF THE SCENE AT THE PETROLEUM REFINERY AT LITTLE ADEN.



INSPECTING THE CAMEL CORPS OF THE ADEN PROTECTORATE LEVIES: THE QUEEN IN A LAND ROVER IN CRESCENT GARDENS, WHERE SHE REVIEWED A MILITARY PARADE SOON AFTER HER ARRIVAL.



AFTER BEING PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN: THE HEAD OF THE MUSLIM COMMUNITY IN ADEN SHAKING HANDS WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



ARRIVING AT THE R.A.F. HOSPITAL, WHICH SHE INSPECTED: THE QUEEN, LOOKING COOL AND UNRUFFLED BY THE HEAT, ACCEPTING A BOUQUET PRESENTED BY A SMALL GIRL.



AT A GARDEN-PARTY HELD BY THE GOVERNOR AT THE SHEIKH OTHMAN GARDENS IN THE EVENING: THE QUEEN RECEIVING ONE OF THE PROTECTORATE RULERS.



SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK AT THE R.A.F. HOSPITAL: THE QUEEN, WHO WORE A PALE YELLOW DRESS AND MATCHING HAT, IS WATCHED BY PATIENTS AND NURSES.



BESTOWING THE ACCOLADE ON AIR MARSHAL C. B. R. PELLY: THE QUEEN HOLDING AN INVESTITURE IN THE CRESCENT GARDENS.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO ADEN: SCENES DURING HER MAJESTY'S MEMORABLE HOURS IN THE CROWN COLONY.

On April 27 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at Aden in s.s. *Gothic* and went ashore by Royal barge to the sound of a gunfire salute and the cheers of the waiting crowds. The Royal visitors drove in an open car to the Crescent Gardens, where the Queen inspected a parade which included a camel troop. Her Majesty replied to loyal addresses from the Colony and Protectorate representatives and held an investiture, at which she bestowed the accolade on Air Marshal C. B. R. Pelly, C.-in-C., Middle East Air Force, and also knighted Seiyid Bubakr bin Sheikh Alkaf, Councillor of the Kathiri State, in eastern Aden. Later the Queen and

the Duke inspected the R.A.F. hospital before lunching at Government House. Afternoon engagements included a visit by the Queen to the site of the new civil hospital at Khormaksar, where she laid the foundation-stone; and a visit by the Duke to the Aden petroleum refinery at Little Aden. In the evening the Queen and the Duke attended a garden-party given by the Governor at the Sheikh Othman Gardens and received the Protectorate rulers and tribal representatives from the Somaliland delegation. The Queen visited a special enclosure to meet the purdah ladies. On April 28 the Royal visitors left by air for El Adem.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO UGANDA: THE INAUGURATION OF THE GREAT OWEN FALLS DAM, AND OTHER SCENES.



PRESENTING A NEW COLOUR TO THE 4TH (UGANDA) BATTALION, THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES: THE QUEEN AT JINJA. THE ROYAL VISITORS AFTERWARDS LUNCED AT JINJA BARRACKS.



ON A KNOLL NEAR ONE OF THE LAKES IN THE QUEEN ELIZABETH NATIONAL PARK: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE WITH THE REGENT OF THE ANKOLE TRIBE (LEFT).



TOURING THE MEETING-PLACE, WHERE A CEREMONIAL RECEPTION WAS HELD: THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE AND THE NUKANA (CHIEF) OF THE TORO TRIBE.



PLANTING A TREE IN THE GROUNDS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ENTebbe: THE QUEEN USING THE SILVER SPADE WITH WHICH HER MOTHER PLANTED A TREE LAST YEAR.



WITH THE MAIN FLOW OF THE RIVER NILE STILLLED: THE SCENE JUST BEFORE THE QUEEN PRESSED A BUTTON TO OPEN THE SLUICE-GATES OF THE GREAT OWEN FALLS DAM.



INAUGURATING THE OWEN FALLS HYDRO-ELECTRIC SCHEME WHICH WILL PROVIDE POWER FOR UGANDA AND HELP IRRIGATE THE LOWER NILE: THE QUEEN PUSHING THE ELECTRIC BUTTON TO OPEN THE SLUICE-GATES.



THUNDERING AND FOAMING IN THE SUNLIGHT: THE WATERS OF THE NILE SURGING THROUGH THE SLUICE-GATES AFTER THE QUEEN HAD INAUGURATED THE OWEN FALLS DAM ON APRIL 29.



DURING AN INVESTITURE HELD ON THE LAWN OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE: THE QUEEN PRESENTING A DECORATION TO AN AFRICAN.

ON April 28 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Uganda for a three-day visit. Although the programme was curtailed owing to Mau Mau threats from across the border, the security precautions did not prevent the Queen from carrying out most of the projected engagements. The Queen and the Duke were greeted by Sir Andrew Cohen, Governor of Uganda; Mr. Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary; and General Sir George Erskine, C-in-C, East Africa. A ceremony of welcome was held on the lawns of Government House at Entebbe, where the Queen later held an open-air investiture at which she knighted Sir Frederick Crawford, Acting Governor of Kenya, and Sir Charles Westlake, who, as chairman of the Uganda Electricity Board, has directed the Owen Falls power scheme. On April 29 her Majesty held a

(Continued opposite.



FROM THE AIR: A VIEW OF THE GREAT OWEN FALLS DAM AT JINJA, BUILT AT A COST OF £20,000,000 TO HARNESS THE WATERS OF THE NILE.



READING AN ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN DURING HER MAJESTY'S OPENING OF THE OWEN FALLS DAM: SIR CHARLES WESTLAKE (LEFT), CHAIRMAN OF THE UGANDA ELECTRICITY BOARD.

(Continued) reception at Government House and received loyal addresses. The Queen and the Duke then flew to Jinja, where her Majesty presented a new Colour to the 4th (Uganda) Battalion, The King's African Rifles, before lunching in the officers' mess at Jinja Barracks. Then came one of the most important engagements of the visit, when the Queen inaugurated the Owen Falls dam. For twenty-seven minutes the flow of the River Nile had been cut off before her Majesty pressed a button to open the sluice-gates. Immediately the waters roared through the gates, foaming and surging in a cascade 100 ft. long. The Queen then went to the turbine room of the generators, and the great Owen Falls hydro-electric scheme became a reality. On April 30 the Queen and her husband flew to the Queen Elizabeth National Park, where they had close-up views of big game in their natural surroundings.



THE QUEEN RECEIVING A GIFT OF A CEREMONIAL SPEAR FROM THE REGENT OF THE ANKOLE TRIBE.

HER MAJESTY AT TOBRUK, AND EN ROUTE FOR MALTA.



A PRESENT FROM KING IDRIS FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL: A MAGNIFICENT LIBYAN RIDING SADDLE AND HARNESS, MOUNTED IN GOLD AND SILVER.



WITH KING IDRIS OF LIBYA: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON THE BALCONY OF THE KING'S PALACE, OVERLOOKING TOBRUK HARBOUR, ON MAY 1ST.

H.M. THE QUEEN WITH KING IDRIS, AND OTHER SCENES.



A PRESENT FROM KING IDRIS FOR PRINCESS ANNE: A GOLDEN "HAND OF FATIMA," WHICH IS BELIEVED TO BE A PROTECTION AGAINST "THE EVIL EYE."

AFTER an overnight flight from Entebbe the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived at the El Adem R.A.F. Airfield, in the desert, 18 miles from Tobruk, at 7.45 a.m. on May 1. After having breakfast in the senior officers' mess the Royal visitors drove to the Imperial War Graves Cemetery, within the outer perimeter of Tobruk's siege lines, where nearly 2700 Commonwealth and Allied soldiers have

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.) REMEMBERING THOSE WHOSE NAMES SHALL NEVER DIE: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH JUST BEHIND HER, DURING A HALF-HOUR VISIT TO THE IMPERIAL WAR GRAVES CEMETERY, NEAR TOBRUK.



[Continued.]

their last resting-place. At the end of their half-hour visit, the Queen and the Duke continued their journey to Tobruk. At the Palace of King Idris of Libya they took coffee with his Majesty, a reciprocal investiture was held and presents were exchanged. Then the Queen and the Duke drove to the jetty and embarked in the Royal barge. As they mounted the gangway of the Royal yacht *Britannia* a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. Then arrived the happy and long-awaited moment when the Queen and her husband were reunited with their children after the long months of separation.



(ABOVE.) REUNITED: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WITH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL (HOLDING HIS CAMERA) AND PRINCESS ANNE, WATCHING THE ARRIVAL OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET ESCORT. (LEFT.) ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTBATTEN TRANSFERRING TO *BRITANNIA* BY JACK-STAY FROM H.M.S. *GLASGOW* AS THE DUKE OF CORNWALL TAKES A PHOTOGRAPH, (TOP, LEFT).



(1) A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE JUST AFTER THE QUEEN HAD UNVEILED THE MALTA MEMORIAL TO COMMONWEALTH AIRMEN WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN WORLD WAR II. AND HAVE NO KNOWN GRAVE. (2) THE QUEEN PULLING THE LEVER WHICH UNVEILED THE BRONZE PANELS ROUND THE CIRCULAR BASE OF THE MALTA MEMORIAL. (3) MALTA'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH: THE SCENE AS THE ROYAL VISITORS DROVE TO FLORIANA FOR A RALLY OF SCHOOLCHILDREN. (4) A SMALL GIRL PRESENTING A DOLL TO THE QUEEN FOR PRINCESS ANNE. (5) HER MAJESTY REPLYING TO AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME IN THE HALL OF ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN MALTA: SCENES IN THE GEORGE CROSS ISLAND.

At 10.20 a.m. on May 3 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh landed at the ancient Customs House Quay in Malta at the beginning of their visit to the famous George Cross Island which they both know and love so well. Church bells pealed, a Royal salute thundered from a shore battery, and there was a fusillade of fire-crackers as the *Britannia* arrived with her escort of twenty warships. In the ancient hall of St. Michael and St. George the Queen received and replied to an address of welcome.

The principal ceremony of the Queen's first day in Malta was the unveiling by her Majesty of the Malta memorial which commemorates officers and men of the Air Forces of the Commonwealth who lost their lives during World War II. while operating from Malta and other bases in the Western and Central Mediterranean area, and who have no known grave. The memorial, a column 50 ft. high, set on a circular base, is situated just outside the walled town of Valetta.

SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



GREETING THE QUEEN ON HER ARRIVAL AT ENTEBBE: THE THREE REGENTS OF UGANDA. The Argosyll airliner bringing the Queen from Aden landed at Entebbe, capital of Uganda, on the shore of Lake Victoria, on April 26. At the airport to welcome her were the three Regents of Uganda, in their king, ceremonial robes.



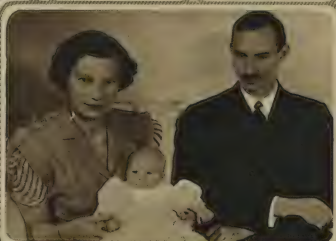
(ABOVE.) WINNER OF THE NATIONAL HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS: A. J. MOTTRAM (RIGHT). A. J. Mottram became the first Englishman to win the National Hard Court Championships since 1937 when he beat G. L. Paine (left) 4-6, 3-6, 7-5, 6-4, at Bournemouth on May 1. Both players have been chosen to represent Great Britain in the forthcoming Davis Cup tie against Brazil.

(RIGHT.) WITH HER BABY DAUGHTER, MARIE ASTRID: PRINCESS JOSEPHINE CHARLOTTE. Princess Josephine Charlotte, hereditary Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, gave birth to a daughter on February 15 at Bedford Castle, where the Princess and her husband, Prince Jean of Luxembourg (right), are living. Princess Josephine Charlotte is the elder sister of King Baudouin of the Belgians.



DIED ON APRIL 26: THE DUKE OF SOMERSET. The seventeenth Duke of Somerset was seventy-one. Educated at Blundell's School and R.M.C., Sandhurst. He served throughout the South African War, and in World War I, commanded the 10th Battalion, The Royal Dublin Fusiliers, winning the D.S.O. in 1918. He was a keen amateur cricketer, and in 1935 became President of the Magic Circle.

MAJOR LORD SEYMOUR, EIGHTEENTH DUKE OF SOMERSET. Major Lord Seymour, the only surviving son of the late Duke of Somerset, succeeded to his father's title on April 26. He was educated at Blundell's School and at Clare College, Cambridge, and is a major in the "Wiltshire Regiment". In 1951 he married Miss Gwendoline Collette Thomas, to whom a son was born in 1952.



ON A THREE-DAY STATE VISIT TO HOLLAND: QUEEN INGRID (SEATED, LEFT) AND KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK (STANDING, LEFT). Our picture shows Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands with the King and Queen of Denmark in the Royal Palace at Amsterdam, after the latter's arrival in Holland on April 26.



AFTER RECEIVING THE HONORARY DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, WITH THE PRINCESS ROYAL ON HER LEFT. On April 27 the University of Leeds marked the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation with a Congregation for the Conferment of Honorary Degrees. With those who received degrees at the hands of the Princess Royal, Chancellor of the University, are (seated row) the Earl of Scarborough (left), Mary, Duchess of Devonshire (second from right), and Viscount Hunsley (right).



AN ANTARCTIC BASE NAMED AFTER HIM: SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON. Mr. Casey, the Australian Minister for External Affairs, announced on February 15 that an Australian station had been set up on the Antarctic mainland and had been officially named Mawson, after Sir Douglas Mawson, the famous explorer. Formerly Professor of Geology at Adelaide University, Sir Douglas first went to the Antarctic with Shackleton's 1908 expedition.



DIED ON APRIL 28: M. LEON JOURNAUX. M. Leon Journaux, one of France's greatest trade union leaders and winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1951, was seventy-four. He was elected Secretary-General of the Confédération Générale du Travail (C.G.T.) in 1930. In 1945 he became Vice-President of the Federation of World Trade Unions and was President of the French Economic Council, 1947-54.



DIED ON APRIL 27: THE MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY. The eleventh Marquess of Queensberry was fifty-eight. Educated at Harrow and R.M.C., Sandhurst. Like his grandfather, he had wide sporting interests and wrote a book, "The Sporting Queensberrys," giving an account of his family. He was founder of the Queensberry Athletic Club in London.

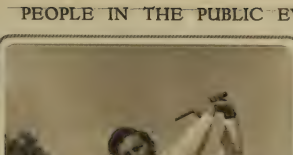


PLEADING INDEPENDENCE FOR VIET NAM: M. LAMIEL, THE VIET, THE DUPTY PRIME MINISTER OF VIET NAM. M. Lamel, for France, and Mr. Nguyen Trung Vinh, for Viet Nam, intention to sign two treaties, namely, which would form of association between the two

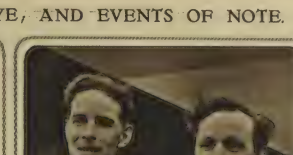
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE, AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



MARRIED AGAIN: EX-QUEEN NARRIMAN. The marriage of Narriman, former wife of Prince Feroz, ex-King of Egypt, to Dr. Adham el Nakh, an Egyptian medical practitioner, was reported from Cairo on May 3. Narriman is the mother of Prince Feroz's only son, who for a short time after his father's abdication was recognized as King Ahmed Foad.



AT DIEN BIEN PHU: MLE. DE GALARD-TERRAUBE. The one woman in the French Union forces at Dien Bien Phu is Mlle. de Galard-Terraube, a French Air Force nurse with three years' service in Indo-China. She was stranded in the fortress when the ambulance plane waiting to take her to safety was wrecked by Viet-minh artillery fire. On May 3 she was awarded the Legion of Honour.



IN LONDON AFTER SEVERANCE OF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH RUSSIA: MR. B. C. HILL (LEFT), FORMER AUSTRALIAN CHARGE D'AFFAIRES, MOSCOW. Mr. Brian Hill, Charge d'Affaires in the Australian Embassy, Moscow, until diplomatic relations were broken off as a result of Mr. Petrov's defection, arrived in London on May 1. He was accompanied by Mr. C. Trosser (right), who was the Administrative Officer at the Embassy.



NEW ENGLISH AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPION: A. THIRLWELL, OF GOSFORTH, NORTHUMBERLAND, WHO BEAT H. G. BENTLEY, OF HESKETH, LANCASHIRE. A. Thirlwell won the English Amateur Golf Championship on May 1 by defeating H. G. Bentley by 2 and 1 over two rounds at Royal St. George's, Sandwich. The new champion is only twenty-five years old.



"ASTRONOMY" (LEFT), THE GIANT PAINTING BY MR. A. R. THOMSON, R.A., WHICH IS NOW IN PLACE IN THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, WHO COMMISSIONED IT; AND (ABOVE) THE ARTIST AT WORK ON HIS GREAT CANVAS. Mr. A. R. Thomson's mural depicting the Progress of Astronomy, now in place in the Science Museum, is dominated by a representation of the Mount Palomar telescope, set against the medieval heavens with figures of the Zodiac. Galileo is depicted in the centre, with female attendants, and on the right are his opponents, with burning books. On the left a group of children are conducting an optical experiment and balloons appear in the background. The picture was too large for Burlington House, so a smaller version is on view at the Royal Academy.



(ABOVE.) RECEIVING THE REVIVAL MEDAL, THE HIGHEST JORDANIAN HONOUR, FROM THE KING OF JORDAN (RIGHT): THE RULER OF KUWAIT. The Ruler of Kuwait, Abdullah Salem el Sabbah, arrived in Amman on April 23 on a State visit to the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. At the military airport he was received by King Hussein of Jordan, who later decorated the Ruler with the Revival Medal, the highest Jordanian honour. The King also decorated the Chief Secretary of the Kuwait Government, Abdullah el Mula, with the Medal of Independence.



FRENCH PRIME MINISTER (RIGHT), AND MR. NGUYEN TRUNG VINH, MINISTER OF VIET NAM. Agreed a joint declaration in Paris on April 28 announcing their recognition of the total independence of Viet Nam and set out the countries within the French Union.



NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE NETHERLANDS: MR. PAUL MASON. Mr. Paul Mason has been appointed Ambassador at The Hague in succession to Sir Neville Butler, who is retiring from the Foreign Service. Mr. Mason, an Assistant Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office since 1951, was Minister to Bulgaria from February 1949, and previously head of the North American and United Nations Department of the Foreign Office.



A CHAIRMAN AT THE GENEVA CONFERENCE: PRINCE WAN. Prince Wan Narsath, the Foreign Minister of Siam, is one of the three Chairmen at the Geneva Conference on the Far East which began on April 26. Prince Wan was educated at Marlborough and Balliol College, Oxford, and is an authority on international Law. He is a former Ambassador to the United States, and has served in the Siam Embassy in London.



DUBBED BY THE QUEEN: SIR CHARLES REDVERS WESTLAKE. At an open-air investiture in Uganda on April 26 her Majesty, the Queen, dubbed Sir Charles Redvers Westlake, Chairman of the Uganda Electricity Board, on whom she had conferred the honour of a knighthood, dated January 1, 1954, for his direction of the Owen Falls power scheme. She also dubbed Sir Frederic Crawford, acting Governor of Kenya.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



BEHAVIOUR OF YOUNG RABBITS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

SEVERAL weeks ago my daughter telephoned to me to say she had that morning brought home a family of five baby rabbits. It appears that in the course of her early-morning walk with our dog *Jason*, he had dug them out of their stop. This had the usual form, a tunnel about 2 ft. long, a few inches below the surface, with the entrance stopped with earth, situated among some bracken away from the warren. Fortunately for the rabbits, the dog was more interested in playing with the mass of down and grass that constituted their nest. So my daughter was able to gather them up and bring them home, cuddled inside her coat. At all events, as she remarked, her maternal instincts were stronger than her artistic ambitions, and she forsook the art school for a week to stay at home to feed milk to the young rabbits with a fountain-pen filler at hourly intervals during the day. This was doubtless contrary to custom for the young rabbits, for mother rabbit normally visits the stop only at night to feed her litter. It did not seem to upset them.

The age of the rabbits at the time of their capture can only be surmised. According to Barrett-Hamilton and Hilton in "British Mammals": "They are born blind and deaf, and nearly naked. . . . The ears are said not to gain the power of motion until the tenth day; on the twelfth they are completely open, and on the thirteenth they may be erected. Sight begins on the eleventh, and shortly after, the young leave the nest for short periods preparatory to their final exit. They probably eat grass as soon as they can run, and are independent of the mother by the third or fourth week." This family of five does not seem to have left the nest—apart from the forcible eviction. Their eyes were open and they were fully furred. Moreover, their ears could be erected. Certainly they could run, for they scattered in all directions while *Jason* played with their nest, but they made no attempt to eat grass until the seventh day after they had been added to our ménage. Of this we can be sure, since my daughter housed them in a large wire enclosure in a corner of her bedroom, the weather being somewhat chilly. To make them feel at home—or else it was the triumph of an artistic sense over the maternal instinct—she included in the cage a large clump of grass, although the young rabbits spent the night wrapped under a fold of blanket material. Presumably, therefore, they were at least thirteen days old but not yet weaned.

Having had the rabbits from such an early age it has been possible to note some features of their behaviour which are inborn or acquired. After having had them seven weeks, all are flourishing, except one which died from an unknown cause. Alive and well last thing in the evening, it was found dead in the morning inside the sleeping shelter, with no sign of injury or any mark to suggest the cause of death. The first point worthy of note is that three days after their capture and four days before they took solid food, there was evidence of an incipient attempt at burrowing. While my daughter nursed them in her lap, one by one, to persuade them to take milk from the glass nozzle,

there would occur from time to time a movement of the paws wholly reminiscent of the adult burrowing action. It was neither vigorous nor sustained, but quite recognisable for all that.

It has been suggested that the European rabbit is not naturally a burrowing animal. This assertion is based mainly upon two things. This rabbit is said to have originated from south-west Europe and to

reliably informed by several independent witnesses that it does so happen, especially on high ground, as, for example, in the Welsh mountains. On the other hand, the behaviour of domesticated rabbits tends to negative this idea, for I have known several of them, kept in hutches until fully grown, that started to burrow vigorously as soon as they were at liberty in a garden. The behaviour of our young rabbits was in line with this, and suggests that the tendency to burrow is inborn.

Another interesting point concerns the voluntary weaning of our family of five. By the third day in captivity they had begun to nibble grass but not to swallow it, the chewed grass being ejected from the mouth after a while. By the seventh day in captivity the first was seen actually to eat grass and, at the same time, refused completely to take milk, and in the next twenty-four hours hand-feeding was at an end and all five were feeding themselves. How far this may have been influenced by the fact that they were fed cow's milk and in an unnatural manner instead of suckling their natural milk is impossible to say. But when all is said and done, the abruptness of this voluntary change of diet is a little unexpected.

It was further noticed that when first placed in a wired-in enclosure in the garden, which was the day after they had taken to a diet of grass, although comparatively tame, there was a marked tendency to "freeze" if anyone approached them. They did not remain motionless long, but while the attitude of immobility lasted it was very definite. Possibly in wholly wild rabbits it is more marked.

As is well known, rabbits use one spot to deposit their excrement, usually an ant-hill or a tree-stump, but it may be any small area of ground. It was of interest to find that for a fortnight after weaning,

the young rabbits, now in a large wire enclosure—a large box of fine-meshed wire so that they could not burrow out nor could any predator reach them—scattered their droppings indiscriminately. Little by little, however, it became noticeable that special areas, 2 to 3 ins. in diameter, were becoming established and used with increasing regularity.

I was most interested perhaps in the reactions by these young rabbits to the alarm calls of birds. When

we were living in the outer suburbs of London, our immediate neighbours found a half-grown wild rabbit in their garden. It must have come from a park, a mile away at least. At all events, it took up residence, and to save their lawn from being completely spoiled by tunnelling, my neighbours caught the rabbit and lodged it in a small wooden shed with a wire-meshed door specially made for it. This young rabbit would erect its ears at the alarm call of a blackbird and immediately scuttle to the darkest corner of the shed. So far, although we have watched for this in our small family, there has been no reaction to the frequent alarm calls of blackbirds or any other bird. Presumably, if my neighbour's rabbit was at all typical, this response to the alarm call of another species is acquired, possibly passed on by example from one generation to the next.



"BY THE THIRD DAY IN CAPTIVITY THEY HAD BEGUN TO NIBBLE GRASS BUT NOT TO SWALLOW IT, THE CHEWED GRASS BEING EJECTED FROM THE MOUTH AFTER A WHILE": ONE OF THE WILD RABBITS WHICH WERE DUG OUT OF THEIR STOP BY *Jason* AND RESCUED AND ADOPTED BY DR. BURTON'S DAUGHTER. THIS FAMILY OF FIVE (NOW FOUR) ARE THOUGHT BY DR. BURTON TO HAVE BEEN AT LEAST THIRTEEN DAYS OLD BUT NOT WEANED WHEN THEY WERE FOUND. THEIR EYES WERE OPEN AND THEY WERE FULLY FURRED. [Photographs by Jane Burton.]

have spread north-east during the historic period. The burrowing habit is supposed by a few of the older authors to have been in response to the predators encountered in the course of this spread. The notion seems to gain support from the frequency with which rabbits living in localities where there are no foxes, and away from human habitations, have their litters in nests on the surface and do not burrow for day-to-day shelter. Although I have not seen this myself I have been



REARED ON COW'S MILK FROM A FOUNTAIN-PEN FILLER GIVEN AT HOURLY INTERVALS DURING THE DAY: TWO OF A FAMILY OF FIVE BABY RABBITS WHICH ARE FLOURISHING AFTER SEVEN WEEKS, EXCEPT FOR ONE WHICH DIED FROM AN UNKNOWN CAUSE. AT FIRST THE BABY RABBITS WERE HOUSED IN A PEN IN A CORNER OF A BEDROOM, BUT THEY HAVE NOW BEEN PLACED IN AN ENCLOSURE IN THE GARDEN.



REUNITED DURING THE LAST STAGES OF THE ROYAL TOUR: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THEIR CHILDREN ON BOARD *BRITANNIA*; AND THE ROYAL YACHT ARRIVING AT MALTA ON MAY 3.

These first happy photographs of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh reunited once more with their children, after the long separation, were taken as the Queen and her family were *en route* to Malta from Tobruk in the Royal yacht *Britannia*. Four of the photographs on this page show the Royal family watching the arrival

of the Mediterranean Fleet escort, and the Queen and the Duke of Cornwall taking photographs of the scene as Admiral Lord Mountbatten went on board the Royal yacht by jack-stay from his flagship, H.M.S. *Glasgow*. The other photograph shows *Britannia* arriving at Malta on the morning of May 3.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

CHARM SCHOOL.

By J. C. TREWIN.

UNWISELY, I was doubtful at first about "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Its American reputation was immense; but that is no more of a guarantee in London than a long West End run is for an English play in New York. And the programme-cover at Her Majesty's, with its vaguely Oriental lettering, and the Geisha taking tea with an American soldier within a golden full moon, depressed me a little. Further, the cast-list looked complicated. It included a Miss Higa Jiga, an Ancient Man, four members of the Ladies' League for Democratic Action, and someone called Lotus Blossom. Among the players were Wong Luk, Chan Fatt, John A. Tinn and U Boh Nee.

Ten minutes later I was still wondering, but happier. Sakini, the interpreter at the American G.H.Q. in Okinawa, was friendly and beguiling. As each panel of a great bamboo curtain rolled up, Sakini was there to explain just who and what were behind it. He darted to and fro like an eager squirrel. And presently we knew that we were being charmed; that somewhere a benign Prospero was waving his staff, and that Sakini had a touch of an Eastern Ariel. Once the spell was on us, it remained—except for some awkward moments towards the end of the evening when I felt that the author might be going to betray us at the last. He did not. The piece ended in a benevolent glow, and I moved out into Haymarket admiring even the programme-cover and sorry indeed to leave Wong Luk, U Boh Nee and John A. Tinn.

The reason is clear. John Patrick, one of the founders of this charm school—he adapted the comedy from a novel by Vern Sneider—has written a play that never gets strident. It is unlikely to be remembered in the records except as a name on the long-run list; and I am not sure that the text would read very well. What does matter is that, acted by the right people and presented as simply (and yet as craftily) as it is in Robert Lewis's production at Her Majesty's, it brings off a cheerful confidence trick. Almost throughout the evening it keeps us charmed. It is gentle where it might so easily have been harsh, and gentleness is a quality that we should value.

The scene of the play is the island of Okinawa. American forces are occupying it after the war. Washington, dealing with island affairs by remote control, has a remarkable scheme called Plan B. Put Plan B into operation, and the island will be an earthly paradise. Washington thinks so, and Colonel Wainwright Purdy III. thinks so as well. Invariably he takes Washington's word: his not to reason why.

When, therefore, the dear fellow thrusts Plan B into the hands of a Captain Fisby and sends him off to take charge of the village of Tobiki, it would appear that nothing could go wrong. There is the Plan; there is a pile of blank progress reports. Carry on, Fisby! Fisby carries on.

He is, in fact, the last man one would have chosen as an administrator. His previous career has not shaken the world, and he proves now to be an easy victim to Okinawan charm. The natives are used to occupying forces of one kind or another. They know that it pays them to be childlike and bland. And before long Fisby finds himself surrounded by cricket-cages and lacquer bowls, purred over by a Geisha, and far readier to take tea in the pine-grove at sunset than to fill in his progress reports. Plan B has instructed him firmly to create a Ladies' League for Democratic Action. He obeys—not that it makes the slightest difference to anyone—but he never begins to build the schoolhouse, shaped like a pentagon, that is one of the prime needs of democratic government in Tobiki.

Instead, he agrees to the building of the Teahouse of the August Moon—put up, mark you, with American materials—and, moreover, he stamps the village on the map by organising the sale of the brandy its natives distil from sweet potatoes. (Welcome news for the occupying troops in Okinawa.) By this time he has an accomplice. A psychiatrist, sent down by

that reminds us of the line, "From the green-grocer tree you get grapes and green pea, cauliflower, pineapple and cranberries." Lionel Murton, with the burning eyes and the single-minded enthusiasm, is a joy. So are William Sylvester as the too-amiable Fisby, who has buried Plan B deeper than did ever plummet sound, and Eli Wallach as the interpreter-compère, whose mischievous glance should have warned us at once just what the natives can do. And we have to bow to the goat called *Marlene*, who plays another goat called *Elsa Maxwell*: her only task is to taste the local brandy of Tobiki, and no goat has ever licked her lips with more zest, not once but several times. Here is a new star, though I feel sadly that her chances in future may be limited.

You will guess that Colonel Wainwright Purdy III. descends upon Tobiki like an anxious thunderbolt. A Geisha, a teahouse, brandy: first, he moans, the white slave traffic, and then the wholesale liquor trade. Tobiki must return to its senses. The teahouse must fall, the stills must be smashed. Colonel Purdy is superbly forcible: Plan B swells within him. For a minute or so we feel that everything may be wrecked, and at the première I felt gloomily that John Patrick was going to wreck his play as well, that its kindly satire, its gentleness, its charm, would be clouded in a sticky, sentimental haze. But he did not let us down. Playgoers, I feel, should see for themselves.

I have written more than I intended about this little piece. Here is another victim of the confidence trick, a willing pupil in the charm school of Tobiki. Dramatist, producer and cast have their hour. They soothe us and coax us. We sit, as it were, under the pines at sunset, drinking our tea, or on the verandah of the Teahouse of the August Moon. We are ready now to go into battle again with the tougher plays, the sophisticated plays, to our work with the Classical Sixth. It has been a holiday; and, looking guiltily over the shoulder as we stow the green programme in the files, we remember a poet's verse about the village of the little wailing lemurs and the palms and flying-foxes, and the line, "A gentle yellow pirate that I know." Sakini, the gentle pirate of Her Majesty's, should be in front of his bamboo curtain for a long time yet.

We had another sort of "charmer" in "Waiting for Gillian" at the St. James's. He is a slithering fellow called the Honourable William Stephen Fitzharding Bule; and Frank Lawton, in a merciless performance, shows just how far a bounder can bound. This Bule comes between an uncommonly upright husband (John McCallum) and a well-meaning but ineffective wife (Googie Withers), to whom her husband says: "Have you ever told me the truth about anything?" It is a well-composed piece—though the first act needs strengthening—and Ronald Millar, who has based it on a novel by Millar Balchin, knows the arts of suspense and surprise. My main complaint is

that some of the dialogue has the note of the printed page rather than of the theatre. The acting is sound throughout.

It occurred to me, during the Old Vic celebration of Shakespeare's Birthday, that if someone like Fay Compton's Volumnia had been around to give the erring Gillian a good shake in the first act, there would have been no play. Miss Compton's acting in a "Coriolanus" scene was one of the excitements of a night, with passages from all six plays in the season's repertory, that showed just what the Vic has achieved since last September. Michael Hordern has established himself as one of our first classical actors; and, as names for the future, I suggest those of William Squire, John Neville, and Edgar Wreford. Has there been a more charming idiot than Mr. Squire's Sir Andrew, fitting dormouse?



THE SECOND REVUE BY A GIFTED TEAM OF WRITERS: "INTIMACY AT EIGHT-THIRTY," WHICH OPENED AT THE CRITERION THEATRE ON APRIL 29, HAVING BEEN PROMOTED FROM THE NEW LINDSEY. AN ITEM FROM THE REVUE CALLED "FROM BED TO VERSE," SHOWING (L. TO R.) JOAN SIMS; PETER FELGATE AND JOAN HEAL. THE AUTHORS OF THE REVUE ARE PETER MYERS, ALEC GRAHAME AND DAVID CLIMIE.

the angry Colonel—who has been scorching telephone wires—to inquire into the state of Fisby's mind, proves to be a fanatical gardener. The crown of the play is when this man (Lionel Murton), who has never



"CHARM IS THE BLOOM ON THIS PLAY, JOHN PATRICK'S ANECDOTE—ADAPTED FROM A NOVEL BY VERN SNEIDER—OF THE NATIVE WAY OF LIFE OPPOSED TO THE AMERICAN WAY ON THE ISLAND OF OKINAWA"—"THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON" (HER MAJESTY'S), SHOWING THREE OF THE PLAY'S LEADING CHARACTERS IN CAPTAIN FISBY'S "OFFICE" IN TOBIKI, (L. TO R.) LOTUS BLOSSOM (CHIN YU), SAKINI (ELI WALLACH) AND CAPTAIN FISBY (WILLIAM SYLVESTER).

had a garden of his own, realises what he can do with the land at Tobiki. He becomes an animated seed-catalogue; in one wild rush, gardener overwhelms psychiatrist, and instead of a probing brain from G.H.Q., we have suddenly in Fisby's office a sight

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"WAITING FOR GILLIAN" (St. James's).—Ronald Millar's version of Nigel Balchin's novel, "A Way Through the Wood," has dramatic sting, and Googie Withers (unstable wife), John McCallum (resolute husband) and Frank Lawton (bounder) act with the appropriate force. (April 21.)
 "THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON" (Her Majesty's).—Charm is the bloom on this play, John Patrick's anecdote—adapted from a novel by Vern Sneider—of the native way of life opposed to the American way on the island of Okinawa. Here are the villagers of Tobiki and their teahouse of the August moon; and here—forgotten—is Washington's Plan B that specifies the building of a pentagonal schoolhouse. What has Captain Fisby been doing? What, indeed? (April 22.)
 SHAKESPEARE BIRTHDAY PERFORMANCE (Old Vic).—Scenes from six Vic productions of the season in an evening that, among other pleasures, reminded us again of Michael Hordern's blindfolded Parolles in the "All's Well" passage, let Fay Compton blaze as Volumnia, and took us to the Illyrian night. (April 23.)



THE GENERAL OFFICERS OF N.A.T.O. AND S.H.A.P.E. POSED ON APRIL 27 IN A SINGLE PHOTOGRAPH (DIVIDED VERTICALLY FOR PURPOSES OF REPRODUCTION). THIS WAS THE STAFF WHICH CONSIDERED THE THEORETIC DEFENCE OF EUROPE IN THE EXERCISE CPX-4, HELD AT PARIS (APRIL 26-30).

Upper photograph, from front to back—*Standing Group*: (l. to r.) Gen. J. L. Collins, U.S. Army; Vice-Adm. R. M. Dick, R.N.; Gen. Sir J. F. Whiteley, British Army; Air Marshal L. Darvall, R.A.F.; Lieut.-Gen. J. E. Valluy, French Army. *A.F.N.E.* (Allied Forces, Northern Europe): Maj.-Gen. W. R. Carter, U.S.A.F.; Vice-Adm. Sir E. M. Evans-Lombe, R.N.; Gen. Sir R. E. C. Mansergh, British Army; Maj.-Gen. H. R. Holtermann, Norwegian Army. *A.F.C.E.* (Allied Forces, Central Europe): Gen. Sir R. N. Gale, British Army; Air Marshal Sir H. Broadhurst, R.A.F.; Vice-Adm. R. Jauvard, French Navy; Gen. W. M. Hoge, U.S. Army; Air Chief Marshal Sir B. Embry, R.A.F.; Marshal A. P. Juin, French Army; Maj.-Gen. R. M. Lee, U.S.A.F.; Gen. M. M. Carpentier, French Army; Lieut.-Gen. R. J. Nolret, French Army. *Belgium*: Lieut.-Gen. L. J. Leboutte (Air Force); Lieut.-Gen. J. B. Piron (Army); Commodore L. J. Robins (Navy). *Canada*: Lieut.-Gen. G. G. Simonds (Army); Gen. C. Foulkes (Army); Vice-Adm. E. R. Mainguy (Navy); Air Marshal C. R. Slemon. *Greece*: Lieut.-Gen. A. P. Tsigounis (Army); Vice-Adm. P. D. Lappas (Navy); Lieut.-Gen. S. E. Kitrilakis (Army); Air Marshal E. P. Kelaidis (Air Force). *Italy*: Gen. G. Pizzorno (Army); Gen. G. Mancinelli (Army); Adm. E. Ferreri (Navy); Gen. A. U. Urbani (Air Force). *Portugal*: Gen. J. F. B. Rodrigues (Army); Adm. M. O. de Bettencourt (Navy); Rear-Adm. J. G. Brito (Navy); Gen. C. C. Macedo (Air Force). *Turkey*: Lieut.-Gen. S. Selisik (Army); Gen. N. B. Baransel (Army); Vice-Adm. Z. Ozak (Navy); Maj.-Gen. S. Goknart (Air Force). Lower photograph, from front to back: *S.H.A.P.E.* (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe):

Adm. A. G. Lemonnier, French Navy; Gen. A. M. Gruenther, U.S. Army; Lieut.-Gen. C. van R. Schuyler, U.S. Army; Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, British Army; Gen. L. Norstad, U.S.A.F. *S.A.C.L.A.N.T.* (Supreme Allied Command, Atlantic): Admiral Sir M. Denny, R.N.; Admiral J. Wright, U.S.N.; Vice-Adm. E. T. Woolbridge, U.S.N. *A.F.S.E.* (Allied Forces, Southern Europe): Vice-Adm. T. S. Combs, U.S.N.; Gen. E. G. Frattini, Italian Army; Lieut.-Gen. P. W. Kendall, U.S. Army; Adm. W. Fechteler, U.S. Navy; Maj.-Gen. R. E. L. Eaton, U.S.A.F.; Lieut.-Gen. L. C. Craigie, U.S.A.F. *A.F.M.E.D.* (Allied Forces, Mediterranean): Vice-Adm. A. P. Sala, French Navy; Adm. M. Girosi, Italian Navy; Adm. Lord Mountbatten, R.N.; Rear-Adm. Xepos, Greek Navy; Rear-Adm. R. Arnom, Turkish Navy. *Denmark*: Vice-Adm. A. H. Vedel (Navy); Lieut.-Gen. E. C. V. Moller (Army); Adm. E. J. C. Qvistgaard (Navy); Lieut.-Gen. C. C. J. Forslev (Air Force). *France*: Gen. C. M. Blanc (Army); Admiral Barjot (Navy); Lieut.-Gen. P. Bailly (Air Force). *Luxembourg*: Lieut.-Col. G. E. Albrecht. *Netherlands*: Capt. C. Terpoorten (Navy); Maj.-Gen. F. H. W. C. J. van Dun (Army); Commodore W. J. Reijnierse (Air Force). *Norway*: Lieut.-Gen. W. Hansteen (Army); Lieut.-Gen. O. Berg (Army); Vice-Adm. S. V. Storheill (Navy); Lieut.-Gen. F. Lambrechts (Air Force). *United States*: Gen. C. L. Bolte (Army); Lieut.-Gen. F. F. Everest (Air Force); Adm. J. H. Cassady (Navy); Gen. L. C. Shepherd (Marines). *United Kingdom*: Adm. of the Fleet Sir R. R. McGrigor (Navy); Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. B. Callander (Army); Air Chief Marshal Sir W. F. Dickson (Air Force).

A QUEEN'S FURNITURE OF 5000 YEARS AGO: FINAL RECONSTRUCTIONS FOR THE

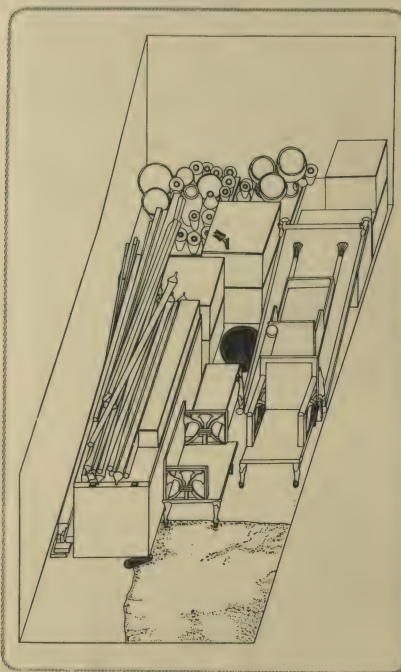


FIG. 1. HOW THE TOMB OF QUEEN HETEP-HERES WAS ARRANGED ON THE DAY OF THE REBURIAL AT GIZA, ABOUT 2550 B.C.; FROM A RECONSTRUCTION BY MR. WILLIAM STEVENSON SMITH.

IN March 1925, the joint Expedition of Harvard University and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, under the late Dr. George A. Reisner, discovered the secret tomb of Hetep-heres, the wife of King Sneferu and the mother of Cheops, the great pyramid-builder. This tomb, which was found at Giza at the foot of a shaft nearly 100 ft. deep, was intact, and (in Dr. Reisner's words) "presented for the first time in the history of Egyptian excavation an opportunity of studying the burial of a great personage of an early period, 1500 years older than the Royal tombs of the New Kingdom." The tomb contained (Figs. 1 and 2) "a beautiful alabaster sarcophagus with its lid in place. Partly on the sarcophagus and partly fallen behind it lay about twenty gold-cased poles and beams of a large canopy. On the western edge of the sarcophagus were spread several sheets of gold inlaid with faience, and on the floor there was a confused mass of gold-cased furniture." The sarcophagus was discovered to be empty, and it is believed that Hetep-heres

(Continued opposite.



FIG. 2. HOW THE TOMB OF QUEEN HETEP-HERES APPEARED WHEN IT WAS NEXT OPENED—ON MARCH 8, 1925—SHOWING (RIGHT) THE MASS OF COLLAPSED GOLD-ENCASED FURNITURE.



FIG. 3. THE INLAYS OF THE HORUS HAWK, WHICH FORMED ONE OF THE ARMS OF THE GOLD ARMCHAIR OF QUEEN HETEP-HERES, NOW RECONSTRUCTED ON PAPER BY MR. W. S. SMITH.

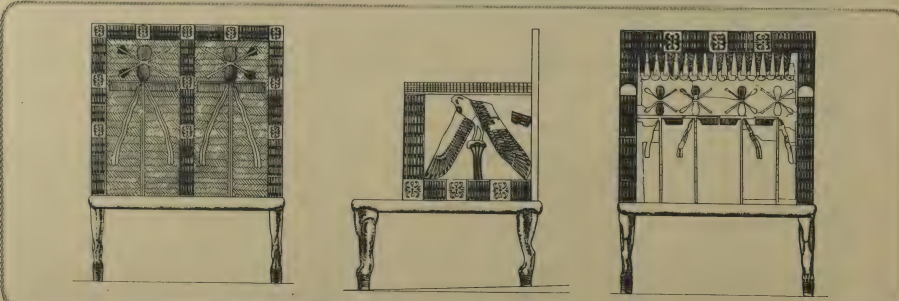


FIG. 4. (L. TO R.) THE BACK, SIDE AND FRONT VIEWS OF AN ARMCHAIR FOUND IN THE QUEEN'S TOMB, NOW RECONSTRUCTED IN A DRAWING BY MR. W. S. SMITH. BOTH THE BACK AND FRONT BEAR THE SHIELDS AND CROSSED ARROWS OF THE WAR GODDESS NEITH. IN GENERAL, THE CHAIR IS OF BLACK AND BLUE INLAYS ON GOLD.

UNIQUE TREASURES FROM THE TOMB OF HETEP-HERES, MOTHER OF CHEOPS.

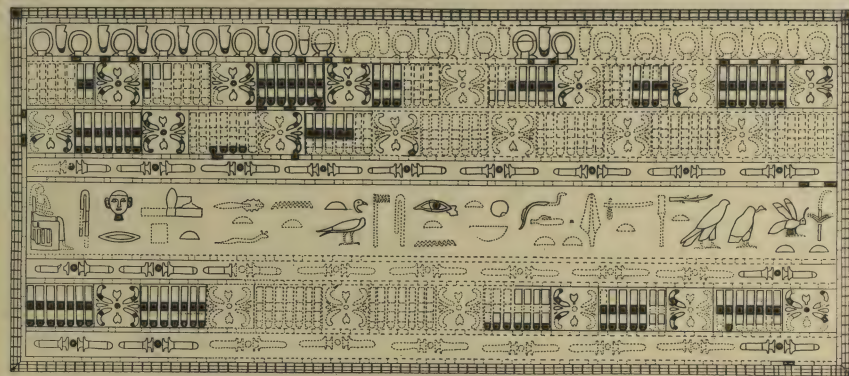


FIG. 5. A PLAN FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF A GOLD-COVERED CHEST, DRAWN BY MR. W. S. SMITH. IT CONSISTS OF BLUE AND BLACK FAIENCE INLAYS IN A SHEET OF SILVER, WITH KARNELIAN CENTRES TO THE FLOWER ROSETTES.

(Continued.)

was first buried at Dahshur; that her tomb there was robbed; and that Cheops, her son, ordered the reburial at Giza. Whether he was aware that the sarcophagus was empty, it is impossible to say. This account was originally given in *The Illustrated London News* of March 12, 1927. Between that date and the outbreak of war, various craftsmen were occupied in reconstructing the Queen's furniture from the elaborate gold-casing and such fragments of wood which remained. On November 24, 1928, we published photographs of the Queen's carrying-chair; on August 24, 1929, of her bed and a gold-cased armchair; on May 7, 1932, of the unique portable gold-encased bed canopy, and a jewel-box; and on November 18, 1939, of the long, richly-jewelled box which held the bed-curtains. The publication of this unique tomb has now been completed and is being issued this year by the Harvard University Press as Volume II. of "A History of the Giza Necropolis," by George Andrew Reisner, completed and revised by William Stevenson Smith, this volume being entitled "The Tomb of Hetep-heres, the Mother of Cheops, A Study of Egyptian Civilization in the Old Kingdom." In the course of the final work "Mr. WILLIAM STEVENSON SMITH, (Associate Curator, Boston Museum of Fine Arts) has now reported to us that it was possible to identify and reconstruct on paper several new pieces of the queen's gold-covered and inlaid furniture. The most important of these are a second armchair (Figs. 3, 4, 5) and a gold-covered box (Fig. 5) with a silver lid inlaid with designs in blue and black faience and karnelian. The chair is one of the finest pieces from the tomb, with its openwork arms in the form of a Horus hawk with outspread wings (Fig. 3) standing on a palm capital similar in form to the gold ends of the carrying-chair poles. On the outer and inner faces of the back panel are the crossed arrows and shields of the War goddess Neith, set on standards with pendant streamers (Fig. 6). On the outer face, these were worked in plaster and overlaid with gold, set against a mat pattern of blue faience inlays. On the front the Neith standards are of coloured inlay against a plain gold ground. The flower and feather patterns which frame these designs are like those on the bed and on the box which held the curtains for the queen's gold bed canopy. . . . The reconstructed furniture is now to be seen in the Cairo Museum, while copies are in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. It is to be hoped that the authorities of the Cairo Museum will find it possible to restore the inlaid armchair and box from the gold and inlays stored in the Museum."

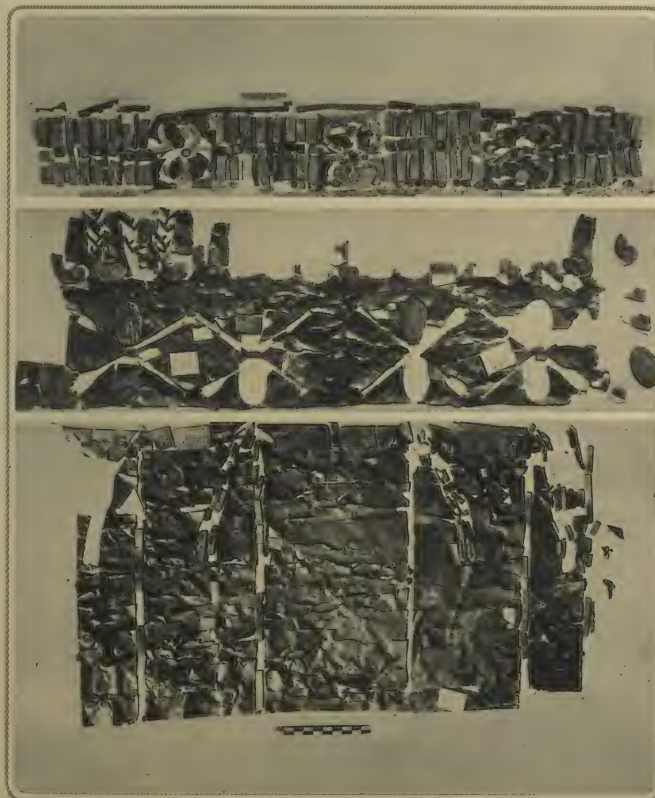


FIG. 6. THE GOLD AND INLAYS OF THE ARMCHAIR WHICH STILL AWAITS RECONSTRUCTION (FIG. 4), PLACED AS THEY SHOULD LIE ON THE INNER FACE OF THE CHAIR-BACK. THE SHIELDS AND CROSSED ARROWS OF NEITH ARE CONSPICUOUS IN THE MIDDLE SECTION.

DEADLY VISITORS TO AN AUSTRALIAN CITY: THREE KINDS OF POISONOUS SNAKES SEEN IN MELBOURNE IN INCREASING NUMBERS OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS.



THE MOST DANGEROUS SPECIES OF SNAKE TO BE FOUND AROUND MELBOURNE: THE TIGER SNAKE (*NOTECHIS SCUTELLATUS*), SHOWING THE STRONGLY-MARKED BANDS ACROSS THE BODY WHICH GIVE THE REPTILE ITS NAME.

READERS may recall that in our issue of December 23, 1950, we printed an article by Dr. DONALD F. THOMSON, Research Fellow, University of Melbourne, and formerly Biologist at the Walter and Eliza Hall Institute of Research, in which he described the capture of the first live specimen of the Taipan (*Oxyuranus scutellatus*), Australia's largest and deadliest snake. Australian snakes have once more been in the news, for in the summer seasons since 1952 there has been a big increase in the numbers of venomous snakes seen in and around the city of Melbourne, and over twenty people have been bitten, of whom two at least have died. The photographs which we reproduce on these pages were sent to us by Dr. Thomson and show some of the species of snakes which are so reprehensible to the people of Melbourne.

(Continued below, right.)



BEING BAGGED FOR "MILKING" AT THE WALTER AND ELIZA HALL INSTITUTE OF RESEARCH, MELBOURNE: A COPPERHEAD SNAKE WHOSE VENOM CONTAINS A POWERFUL NEUROTOXIN, OR NERVE POISON.



A QUICK-MOVING, DANGEROUS KILLER, WITH A MEAN, NARROW HEAD: THE COMMON BROWN SNAKE (*DEMANSIA TESSELLATA*) IN ACTION. IT RAISES ITS BODY LIKE A COILED SPRING AND LUNGES FORWARD AS IT STRIKES.

Of the hundred species found in Australia, the only three occurring around Melbourne large enough to be dangerous are the Tiger Snake, the Brown Snake and the Copperhead Snake. Of these the Tiger Snake (*Notechis scutellatus*) is by far the most dangerous, not only on account of its very potent venom—probably the most deadly of any known land snake—but because of its habits and habitats. It frequents the rocky and arid hills of the plains to the west of the city as well as the humid, swampy lagoons along the Murray River and its tributaries in northern Victoria. To the east it is found on the high land fringing the Yarra River and its tributaries which flow into Port Phillip Bay. In its breeding habits the Tiger Snake is termed by zoologists "ovoviparous": that is to say, it produces its young alive from eggs which hatch inside the body of the mother. At birth, a young Tiger Snake is several inches long and quite active. In the cold winter it safely hibernates in the rocky outcrops and dry stone walls so that there is always a breeding-ground—and a safe haven for its young—close to Melbourne. The excessive rains and consequent floods that have occurred in Victoria during the winter and spring seasons of the past few years have swept masses of floating wood and debris into Melbourne and its suburbs, bringing also hundreds of snakes—Tiger Snakes, Brown Snakes (*Demansia nuchalis*) and Copperhead Snakes (*Denisonia superba*)—catching them from their normal surroundings, hungry and unable to find their usual food, they became active and aggressive and not so ready as before to seek refuge in flight. Despite the potency of its venom, a Tiger Snake will, if provoked, generally retreat. When fully fed it is more lethargic; and because the venom is used in killing prey and has also a salivary function, a snake when replete tends to have much less venom than when it is hungry, and is less ready to bite. But a Tiger Snake rendered active by the hot

Photographs by Dr. Donald F. Thomson, O.B.E.,



A CLOSE-UP OF ONE OF THE DEADLY AUSTRALIAN BROWN SNAKES: IN THIS CASE THE SNAKE IS *DEMANSIA NUCHALIS*, A NEAR ALLY OF THE COMMON *D. TESSILLATA*, AND LIKE THAT SPECIES, ACTIVE AND DANGEROUS.

weather, morose and ravenous, is a dangerous customer, quick to bite if disturbed. A specimen 4½ ft. long—it sometimes, though rarely, grows to 6 ft.—can produce 300 milligrammes of dried venom, enough to kill several men. The biggest Tiger Snakes so far recorded have been black, or "melanotic," varieties from certain of the islands of the Bass Straits—specimens which lacked the typical coloration and even the banded markings which give them their name. The Tiger is one of the handsomest and, when thoroughly aroused, one of the most flamboyant of the Australian species. It shares with the Cobra (*Naja naja*) the habit of spreading its neck fanwise in the form of a hood, sometimes doubling its apparent width in so doing. In colour it is yellowish-brown or greenish-brown, marked with numerous bands of black. In some cases the black, or dark colour, provides the background and the effect is of orange or yellow bands. Though some colonies of snakes frequent dry and stony rises, others are found close to water and are at home in swamps, where they swim freely and feed on frogs. They also eat mice, rats and birds and often climb trees. This latter habit makes them particularly dangerous in a flood year and great care must be taken when walking along the banks of rivers in spate. The Copperhead Snake is often mistaken for the Black Snake (*Pseudonotichis perphyreus*), also large and powerful but much less dangerous. The Copperhead bites hard and hangs on to its prey like a bulldog. Its venom contains a very strong neurotoxin, or nerve poison, which acts on and paralyses the nerves of the respiratory system, causing death by asphyxiation. Fortunately, however, like the Tiger and Brown Snakes, the Copperhead has much shorter fangs than such a snake as the Viper—or even the Cobra among the Colubridae—and people who are bitten by Australian snakes which may have very potent venom escape much more lightly than would be the case with those which had longer fangs or a more efficient biting apparatus, even though their venom was not, weight for weight, as potent. The Copperhead, blackish in colour and often confusingly called "the black snake," is numerous in southern Victoria and in the hills around

A POWERFUL SNAKE WHICH BITES LIKE A BULLDOGG AND HANGS ON TO ITS PREY: THE COPPERHEAD SNAKE (*DENISONIA SUPERBA*), SO-CALLED FROM THE RUSTY TINGE WHICH COLOURS SOME SPECIMENS.

(Continued.) Melbourne, though not as numerous as the Tiger. The Brown snake produces very little venom on "milking," even though the glands are carefully massaged to assure the maximum expulsion of the venom. Nevertheless, its bite is deadly. Poisonous snakes are, of course, relatively numerous around Melbourne even in a normal season and few people get bitten, as most of the population wear boots and the climate is temperate enough to allow the wearing of fairly heavy clothing on those parts of the body most vulnerable to snake-bites. The extraordinary seasonal conditions prevailing in the last few years have, however, been unprecedented and as a result the Tiger Snake and its companions, the Brown and Copperhead Snakes, have been the cause of much alarm to the citizens of Melbourne.



A DANGEROUS JOB FOR THE UNSKILLED: CAPTURING A TIGER SNAKE AT LAVERTON, NEAR MELBOURNE. HELD BY THE TIP OF THE TAIL AND SHAKEN STEADILY, THE SNAKE SOON TAMES AND IS QUICKLY SUBDUED.

(Continued above, right.)

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UNFAMILIAR DUTCH AND FLEMISH ARTISTS: RARE PAINTINGS NOW ON VIEW.



"SUMMER LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES"; BY ANDREAS MARTIN, LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY; ON VIEW AT EUGENE SLATTER'S GALLERY. (Copper; 13½ by 18 ins.)



"THE WINDMILL"; BY MATTHEUS MOLANUS, WHO WAS DEAN OF THE MIDDELBURG GUILD IN 1626. SIGNED "M.M." (Circular panel; 8½ ins. diameter.)



"FLOWERS AND A SHELL"; BY ABRAHAM MIGNON (1640-FRANKFORT-1679). THE BOUQUET INCLUDES POPPIES, ROSES, TULIPS, LILAC AND OTHER FLOWERS. (Canvas; 25½ by 14½ ins.)



"A LADY ON HORSEBACK"—WITH A LAP-DOG BALANCED BEHIND HER; BY PETER CORNELISZ VERBEECK. HAARLEM, c. 1658. SIGNED "P. VERBEECK." (Panel; 16 by 12½ ins.)



"FLOWERS WITH A WOODPECKER AND LIZARD"; BY JACOBUS MARRELLUS (1614-UTRECHT-FRANKFORT-1681). SIGNED "JACOBUS MARRELLUS AO 1634" (Panel; 28 by 22 ins.)



"LANDSCAPE WITH WATERWAY"; BY MATHYS SCHOEVAERDS (1665-BRUSSELS, STILL ACTIVE IN 1720). (Copper; 21½ by 24 ins.)



"THE APPROACH TO THE FORD"; BY GUILLAM DU BOIS (c. 1610-HAARLEM-1680), ONE OF A PAIR, THE OTHER PAINTING SHOWING THE HORSEMAN DISMOUNTED. (Panel; 12½ by 18 ins.)

The notable exhibitions of Dutch and Flemish Masters which Mr. Eugene Slatter has on different occasions arranged during the last few years have been, it will be remembered, illustrated on our pages. This year the series is continued with a display which contains examples of the work of well-known men, and also includes paintings by rare painters whose names will only perhaps be familiar to the *cognoscenti*, but whose art will interest all visitors.

The Exhibition is being held in aid of the Dulwich College Picture Gallery Maintenance Fund, for which Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., and Lord Gorell, Chairman of the Governors, Alleyn's College of God's Gift, Dulwich, recently appealed. Lord Gorell arranged to open the Exhibition on May 5, and it will continue until July 14. All proceeds from the sale of the lavishly illustrated catalogue will be given to the Maintenance Fund.

DUTCH AND FLEMISH ART EXHIBITED: WORKS BY WELL-KNOWN PAINTERS.



"RIVER SCENE"; BY JAN BRUEGHEL, THE YOUNGER (1601-ANTWERP-1678). ON VIEW AT SLATTER'S OLD BOND STREET GALLERY. SIGNED "J.B." (Copper; 8½ by 11½ ins.)



"GOLF ON THE ICE"; BY ANTHONIE VERSTRALEN (c. 1593-GORCUM-AMSTERDAM-1641), A DELIGHTFUL DUTCH WINTER SCENE. (Panel; 9½ by 14½ ins.)



(ABOVE.)
"A CASTLE BY THE RIVER"; BY JAN VAN GOYEN (1596-LEYDEN-
THE HAGUE-1656). SIGNED "V.G.
1649." (Panel; 20½ by 29 ins.)



"FLOWERS, FRUIT AND OYSTERS"; BY JAN DAVIDSZ DE HEEM (1608-UTRECHT-
ANTWERP-1684). SIGNED "J. D. DE HEEM." (Canvas; 30 by 26 ins.)



"FLOWER PIECE"; BY WILLEM VAN AELST (c. 1626-DELFT-
AMSTERDAM-c. 1679). (Canvas; 36 by 25½ ins.)



"STILL LIFE"; BY PIETER CLAESZ (c. 1600-BURGSTEINFURT-HAARLEM-1660). THE SALT IN THE FORM OF A BOY
HOLDING A BOWL FORMS THE CENTREPIECE. SIGNED, MONOGRAM "P.C. 1644." (Panel; 18½ by 27½ ins.)

On this and the facing page we reproduce paintings from Eugene Slatter's 1954 Exhibition of Dutch and Flemish Masters which Lord Corell arranged to open at 30, Old Bond Street, on May 5. The catalogues are being sold in aid of the Dulwich College Picture Gallery Maintenance Fund. Jan Van Goyen, one of the earliest of the Dutch landscape painters, is represented by a very fine painting of a Castle by the River. It is from the collection of Madame Gaudry, Paris,

whose family have owned it since about 1800. The de Heem Flower Bouquet shows pæonies, tulips, poppies and roses mingled in lavish profusion and, in accordance with Dutch and Flemish seventeenth-century style, insects are introduced in considerable variety. The Van Aelst Flower Piece—a very beautiful one—is embellished by a dragon-fly, a butterfly and a snail, and the Still Life by Pieter Claesz is a characteristic example of his style.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

LIFE is an inexhaustibly queer place. In that respect, only authentic narratives can do it justice, and as a rule they are not trying. But in "The Sage of Canudos," by Lucien Marchal (Dent; 15s.), we have an historical novel which would be pointless if not true, and dull, for all the savage crudity of its events—or, rather, just because of it—if they were not so weird. The scene is the Brazilian hinterland, towards the end of the last century; and in the premises there should be nothing to astound a modern reader, with his immense experience at second-hand. The racial pot-pourri, the fierce aridity of life under a tropic sun, the blood-feuds and the murders for hire, are in a manner predigested. This was the Concelheiro's world, and there his family, the Maciels, belonged like fish in water. They were a mixture of all strains—Dutch, Negro, Indian and Portuguese—and in their setting they were men of virtue. That is to say, they had guts, energy and solidarity. Hence the exterminating feud with a great neighbour, who was enraged at cross-breeds farming their own land. The Maciels acted for themselves, and did no more than was imperative—murder for murder; whereas Araujo had the best professionals, and knew no bounds. However, he was shockingly exploited; and though there came a day when the surviving Maciels could be lined up and shot, it was so drunkenly performed that two of them survived again. These two were the heroic Miguel Costa—the Maciel *par excellence*—and his young nephew, who was to found the "hell-town of Brazil," defy the Government, and cut whole armies into shreds.

And we have precedents for him as well. Readers of William James have only to recall his chapter on the fruits of saintliness. Its good-for-nothing type of saint—the sickly, semi-imbecile and pious drone—is young Antonio to the life. He was a hopeless duffer on the farm, and used to spend all day sitting around. As he had chronic dysentery and could not abide women, he was a natural ascetic. And though inordinately vain, he had as little personality or drive as a bewildered sheep. Then comes the rub: How did this parody of a contemplative, feeble in intellect and spirit, and ignored by all, turn into the dictator-prophet of Canudos? And as a minor point, how could its goings-on fail to shock him? At least, the young Antonio had been as mild as milk; the "Counsellor" saw no objection to presiding in a robbers' den, with escaped murderers as his lieutenants. True, he forbade drink, dancing and displays of horsemanship. But that his "holy city" should have the morals of a sewer, and live by pillaging the countryside, did not once startle him.

One would expect these incongruities to be the central theme. But they are very rapidly brushed off. The writer can explain Antonio—but he can't do with him; his interest is in the astonishing, barbaric saga, not in the loony figurehead. Which may be natural, and has resulted in a splendid job; but still I can't agree.

OTHER FICTION.

After the torrid melodrama of Canudos, "The Venetian Bride," by Magdalen King-Hall (Peter Davies; 12s. 6d.), comes like the gentle rain from heaven—or to be more precise, the soft rain of its Irish coast. Though not strictly historical, it adds a bloom of period to the most charming scenes and touchingly romantic story. First, we have Connaught in the eighteenth century, and with the usual shimmer of appeal—even though here the accent is on desolation. Fanny Old House lies on the waste edge of the world; and in addition it is tumbling down. In Lady Gascoigne's time all was prosperity and comfort; but she died young, Sir Lucien installed a "creature from the bogs," and now drink, gambling, and the rapacities of Sibby and her beggar crew are speeding everything to a bad end. Young Ned has grown up like a peasant boy; he has had nobody to love; so he loves Fanny, with a consuming tenderness. Fanny shall be the object of his life. This he resolves once more, after the sad débâcle of his experience with Fanny Wilton. But when he finds himself Sir Edward, and has made a clean sweep of the Cottle tribe, he also finds it is too late. Fanny will have to go; meanwhile, he has a little sum in cash, which will provide a modest form of the Grand Tour. And so he sets out on his travels. It is a sentimental progress, poignantly delicate in France, baroque and dubious on the lagoons, with a sensational yet soothing finish on his native ground.

"The Returning Waters," by Douglas Hewitt (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), is an uneasy little modern story, centring in a Bloomsbury Museum. Not, we are told, the obvious Museum. James Masterman, the Assistant Director, has just returned from hospital, after a motor smash that killed his wife. Now his great wish is to be busy; and his lifelong task is a remorseless study and exposure of the modern world. He is a formidable type, suggesting strained integrity and a bad smell. But he is suddenly dragged from the heights. A crass tycoon threatens a case that would reflect on the dead woman. Masterman never dreamed of it—but she was having an affair with a young colleague. So now he has another subject for analysis. Why did she do it? What was her need of that mere boy? It must at any rate have been deceived; for the ingenuous Malcolm is evermore on the way up, rising from "horrible mistakes" to higher things. There is distinction in this novel—but no point of sympathy, and no effective climax.

In "Drag the Dark," by Stephen Ransome (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), Schy Cole and his "brilliant think-box on wheels"—the best American detective agency in the whole business—have to locate the missing "eye," the missing diamond and the missing girl. Her father, one of the world's leading jewellers, has bought one of the biggest diamonds known, and has unwittingly employed one of the handsomest of crooked salesmen. He, the De Vecchi and the girl vanish together; the ransom agent—for the De Vecchi is put up for ransom—also disappears; and there is nothing above ground but an extraneous corpse. What with the deadly jewel, the characters all gone to earth and gunning for each other, and felonies to be hushed up at every turn, for Schy and Luke it is a ticklish, though a rewarding problem. Not so Manhattan-Gothic as some others—but as neat as any. K. JOHN.

N.B.—The book reviewed here last week is titled "Cape of Shadows," not "City of Shadows" as stated.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

WHEN POLITICS WERE POLITICS.

LORDS' Reform was in the Conservative Party's programme at the victorious election in 1951, but it seems very unlikely that any Bill will be brought in during the life of this Parliament. Nevertheless, since the flurry over the Parliament Act of 1947, and the failure of the Constitutional Conference of 1948, Lords' Reform must still be regarded as a live issue, and some time or other—when the hydrogen bomb and the cost of living give us time—someone will have to do something about it. There is a certain timeliness, therefore, about Mr. Roy Jenkins's book, "Mr. Balfour's Poodle" (Heinemann; 21s.), an account of the struggle between the House of Lords and the Government of Mr. Asquith—but there is a good deal more than timeliness. It is a really important work, objective and restrained in its comment—Mr. Jenkins is the Labour M.P. for the Stechford

Division, and cannot be expected to show great veneration for our Second Chamber of hereditary legislators—carefully documented, and yet reproducing in all its drama the violent tension of the years 1909-1911. It may come as a shock to those who believe that political passion is the prerogative of the modern progressive, and that in the Bad Old Days all M.P.s were of the privileged classes and did not care much about anything, to realise that probably nothing that has happened in the last forty-five years can equal the violence of feeling aroused by Asquith's threat to get the King to swamp the Lords with Liberal peers. Nowadays—perhaps because we are punch-drunk—we take our political pleasures sadly. How clearly it all emerges from Mr. Jenkins's well-written pages! Lloyd George, the gleeful, malicious little Chancellor of the Exchequer, deliberately fanning the flames which he had done so much to light, and shouting: "The House of Lords is not the watchdog of the Constitution; it is Mr. Balfour's poodle"—Balfour himself, whose disingenuous strategy had done so much to make that statement plausible—Lansdowne, whose tactics between 1906, the year of the Liberal triumph, and 1911 were so shockingly at fault—and the long procession of great names: Curzon, Salisbury, Halsbury, Willoughby de Broke, "the Dukes." Finally there is King George V., called upon to deal with this major crisis immediately after ascending the Throne, determined to follow his conscience and the path of strict constitutionalism, ill-advised, not fully informed by those nearest to him, almost threatened by his own Prime Minister, yet maintaining that dignity and wisdom for which he was later to be so greatly honoured and beloved. The author gives a most interesting summary of the division lists when the Lords finally accepted the Bill. "[They] show," he writes, "most strikingly how complete had been the desertion of the Whigs. Halsbury had a great vote of magnates—seven dukes with none in the other lobby—and of those who bore famous titles. Salisbury and Bute, Clarendon and Hardwicke, Lauderdale and Malmesbury were only some of those in this latter category. On the Government side there were many fewer. Chesterfield and Durham had a ring about them, and so perhaps did Spencer and Granville. For the rest, the list of 'Contents' read more like the *Directory of Directors* or a Lloyd George Honours List. Some of the great families of England were 'ditchers' and more were 'hedgers.' But for the first time in the advance to political democracy in this country there was hardly a patrician who would aid the process." This passage is a good example of the book's quality.

"There is only one word that can justly describe this book—'magical,'" trills the blurb-writer on the jacket of Miss Sheila Steen's "Corner of the Moon" (Gollancz; 13s. 6d.), and when one finds that the writer has a tendency to affix earnest capital letters to such abstractions as Being, Earth, Thoughts, It and No-Religion, one's first grim comment is: "I thought as much." But one would be wrong. A girl who undertakes to walk, alone, down the Dordogne Valley will not get by with only whimsy at her command, and Miss Steen is perfectly at ease in even the most disconcerting situations. She manages to decline, "as gaily as I could with Gallic regrets, an equivocal offer of double-bedded hospitality"; she confronts three evil-minded, drunken Communist workmen and reduces them to a semblance of humanity; she sleeps out of doors, she lives on blackberries and sloes, her shoes wear out—and she maintains an unruffled calm. Her writing is certainly lush, at times. It reminded me of Edith Sitwell, with touches of Virginia Woolf and Baron Corvo. "The moon rose! The pastures far below—from which now and then came the toc-toc of cattle-bells, as the cattle stirred leisurely in their byres—turned white in an instant, as if under a sudden shower of snow. Deep in the drifts, swathes and coils of this bodiless snowfall—this *virus lunare*, this moon-drop—an outcrop of volcanic rock beyond the ravine stood like a shrine. Eerily the light seeped over it. It was like watching the seafoam of long ago, engulfing the last of the orichalcum palaces of Atlantis." Beneath the thick powdering of fine-spun phrases there is good, honest skin and a healthy complexion.

Mr. Edward Pine, Senior Master at the Westminster Abbey Choir School, has written an excellent account of that school in "The Westminster Abbey Singers" (Dobson; 18s.). There are records of masters being paid—no great sum: 13s. 4d.—for teaching the singing boys at the Abbey from 1479. The next century saw fluctuations in their number and status, as the forms of religion, some of which encouraged singing while others did not, changed with bewildering rapidity, but Elizabeth I. can be considered as the foundress of the school as it is to-day. On almost every page of this book there is a curious or remarkable anecdote. The book closes, fittingly enough, with a good account of the part played by the choir at last year's Coronation.

Mr. Reno Wideson, a Civil Servant in the Cyprus Administration, is a pastmaster of photographic work, and his "Cyprus in Picture" (Macgibbon and Kee; 25s.) is fully comparable to the many works of the same kind which have lately been produced by professionals. There are many things in Cyprus besides the unhappy political problem of Enosis, and Mr. Wideson's book will help us to appreciate them. E. D. O'BRIEN.

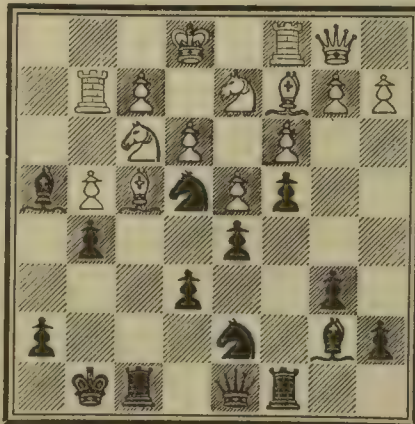
CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THANKS to my Zephyr, I was able to play in one Easter congress, Wallasey, and peep in at two of the others (Birmingham and Manchester), all in the space of four days. Against a young Liverpool amateur I played one of those games which has everybody in the congress analysing it afterwards.

Irregular Queen's Pawn Opening.

J. Johnson.	B. H. Wood.	J. Johnson.	B. H. Wood.
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P-Q4	P-QB4	9. Q-Kt1	B-K2
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	10. P-K3	Kt-K5
3. P-B3	P-K3	11. B-Q3	P-B4
4. B-B4	P-QKt3	12. P-KKt4	Castles
5. QKt-Q2	P-Q4	13. R-Kt1	P-B5
6. Q-B2	B-Kt2	14. B-B2	B-R5
7. P-KR3	QKt-Q2	15. R-Kt2	P×P
8. R-B1	R-B1	16. P×P	P-KKt4



Plunging into a maze of complications. My idea is to burst open the king's side before White can bring his queen and QR into the fray; but my own development isn't really advanced enough.

If now 17. B-R2, all is well: 17... Kt×Kt; 18. B×Pch, K-R1; 19. Kt×Kt, R×P; 20. R×R, Q-B3; 21. B-Kt1, R-KB1, and there is nothing more that White can bring to the rook's rescue.

White finds a much better move.

17. Kt×Kt! P×B 19. B×Pch K-R1
18. Kt-Q6 P×P 20. K-K2?

Missing the one chance unearthed after hours of post-mortem analysis; a suggestion by the Cheshire President, C. Warburton: 20. B-Kt8! Against the threats of 21. Q-R7 mate; 21. Kt-B7ch; 21. R-R2, etc., Black is hard pressed to find an adequate line of play. 20. Kt×B, however, fails against 20... B×Pch; 21. K-K2, Q-B3.

20. ... R×Kt 23. R-R2 Kt-B1
21. Kt×R Q-B3 24. B-B5 P×B
22. R-KB1 B×Kt 25. K×R P×P

double check; after which two more checks win the rook.

And so to Manchester, where New Zealander Bob Wade handed me this:

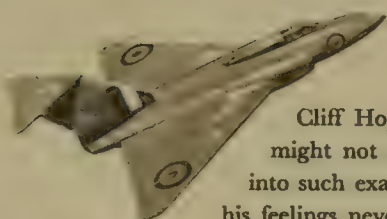
V. J. Soanes.	R. G. Wade.	V. J. Soanes.	R. G. Wade.
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P-K4	P-K3	13. Kt-R5	B×P
2. P-Q4	P-B4	14. K×B	Kt-B4
3. P×P	P×P	15. B×Kt	Kt-R5ch
4. B-Q3	B-Q3	16. K-Kt1	Q×P
5. Kt-KB3	B-KKt5	17. B×KtPch	K-Kt1
6. P-KR3	B-R4	18. Kt-B6ch	K×B
7. Castles	Kt-QB3	19. Kt×Rch	R×Kt
8. P-B3	Q-Q2	20. Q-Kt5ch	K-B1
9. QKt-Q2	Castles	21. Q-R6ch	K-Q2
10. B-Kt5	P-Kt4	22. Q-Kt5ch	P-QB3
11. Q-R4	KKt-K2	23. Resigns.	
12. Kt-Kt3	B×Kt		

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Hawker Siddeley Group

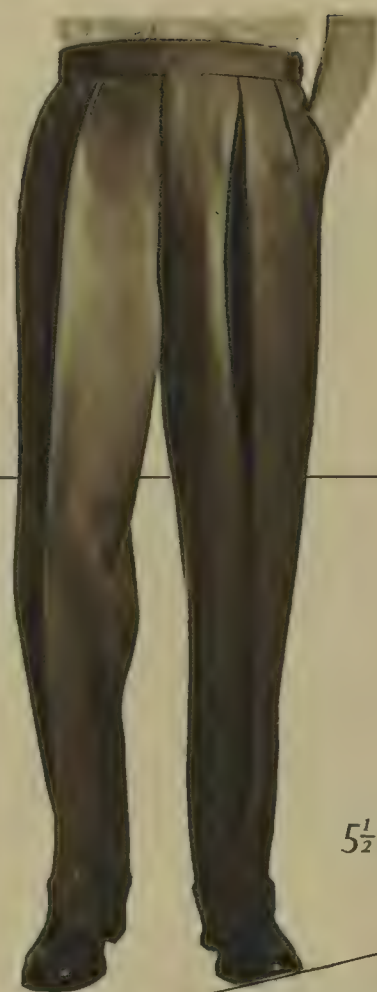
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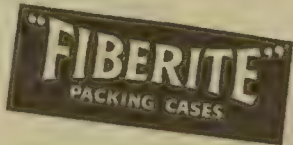


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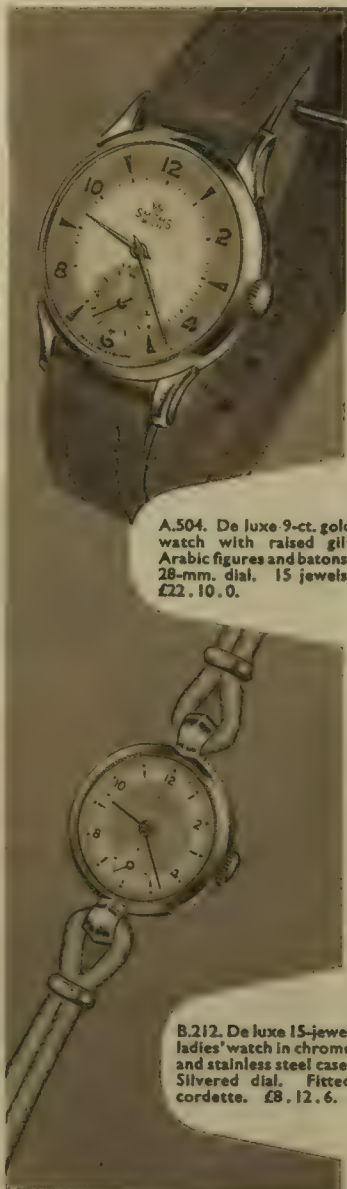
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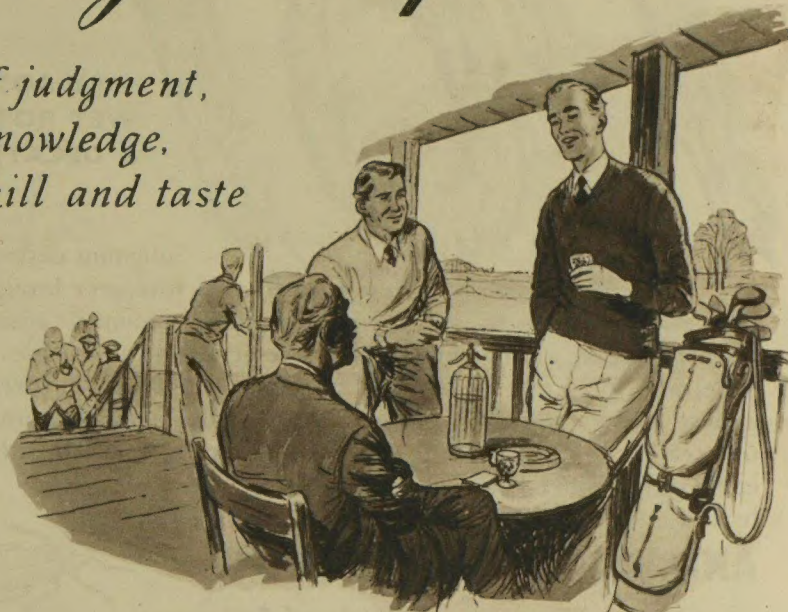
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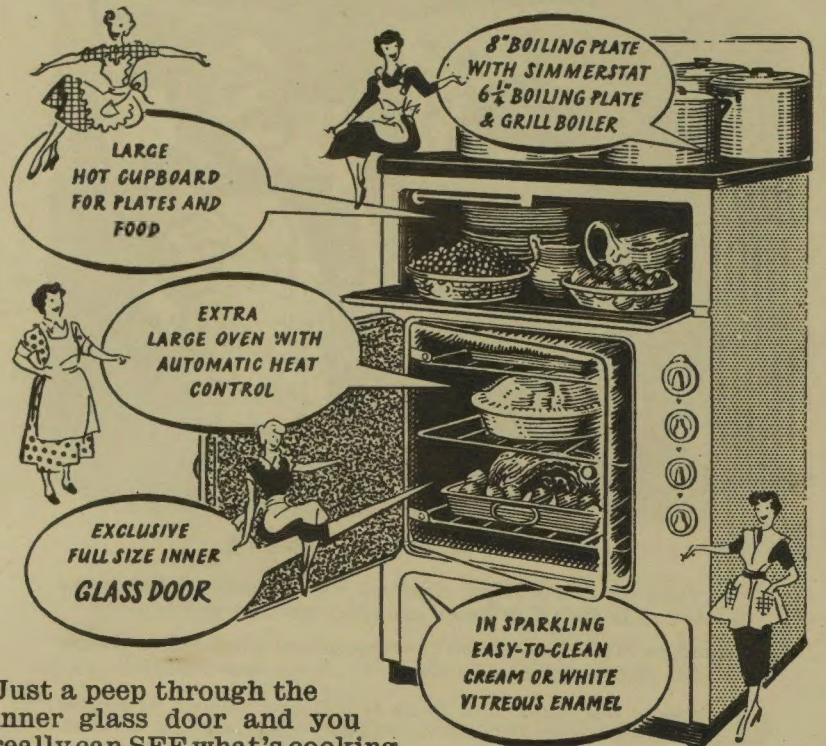


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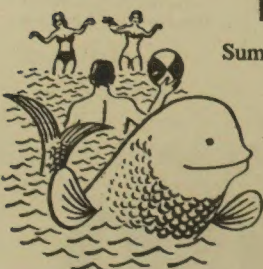
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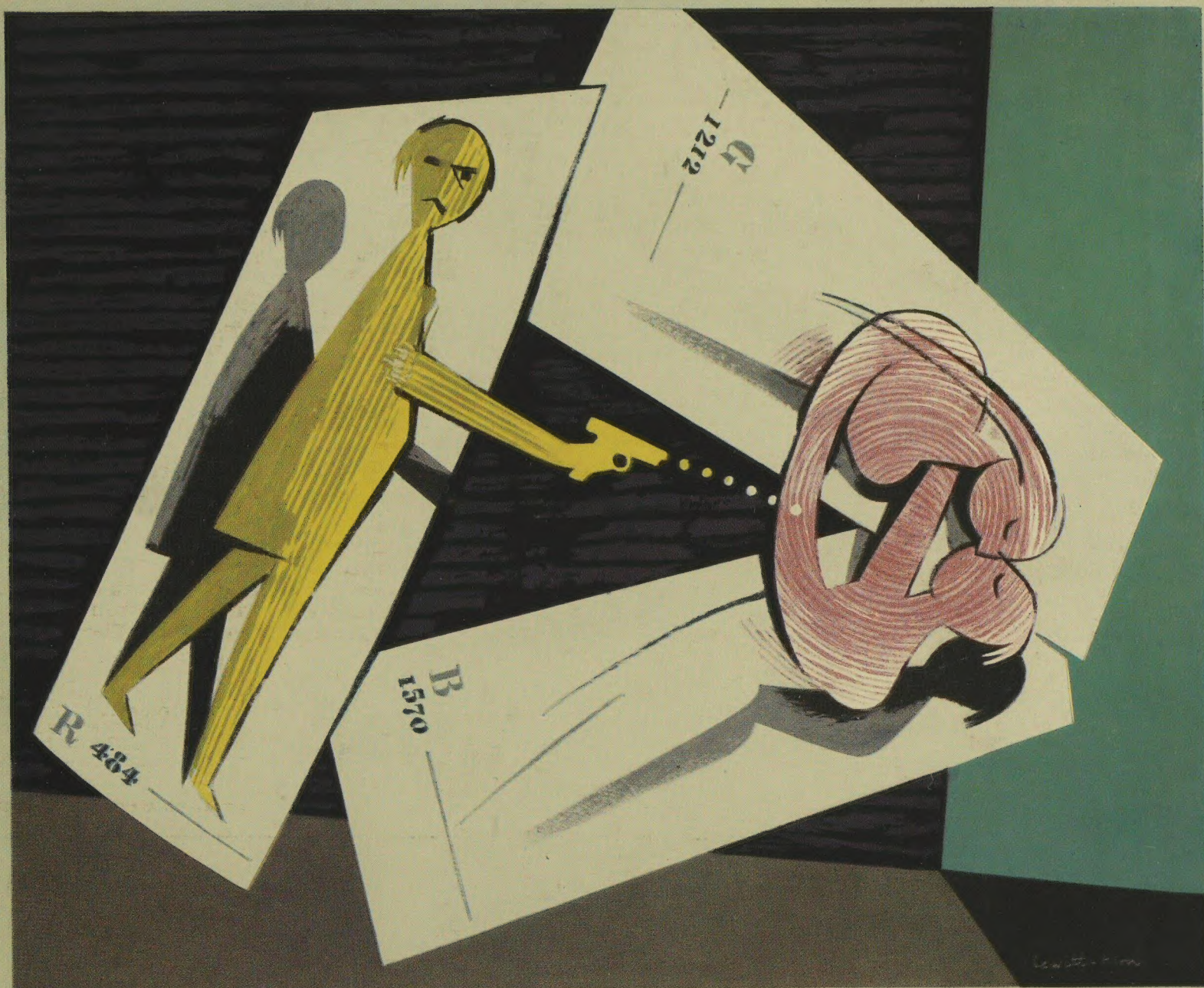
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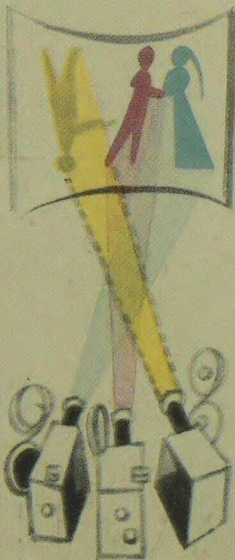
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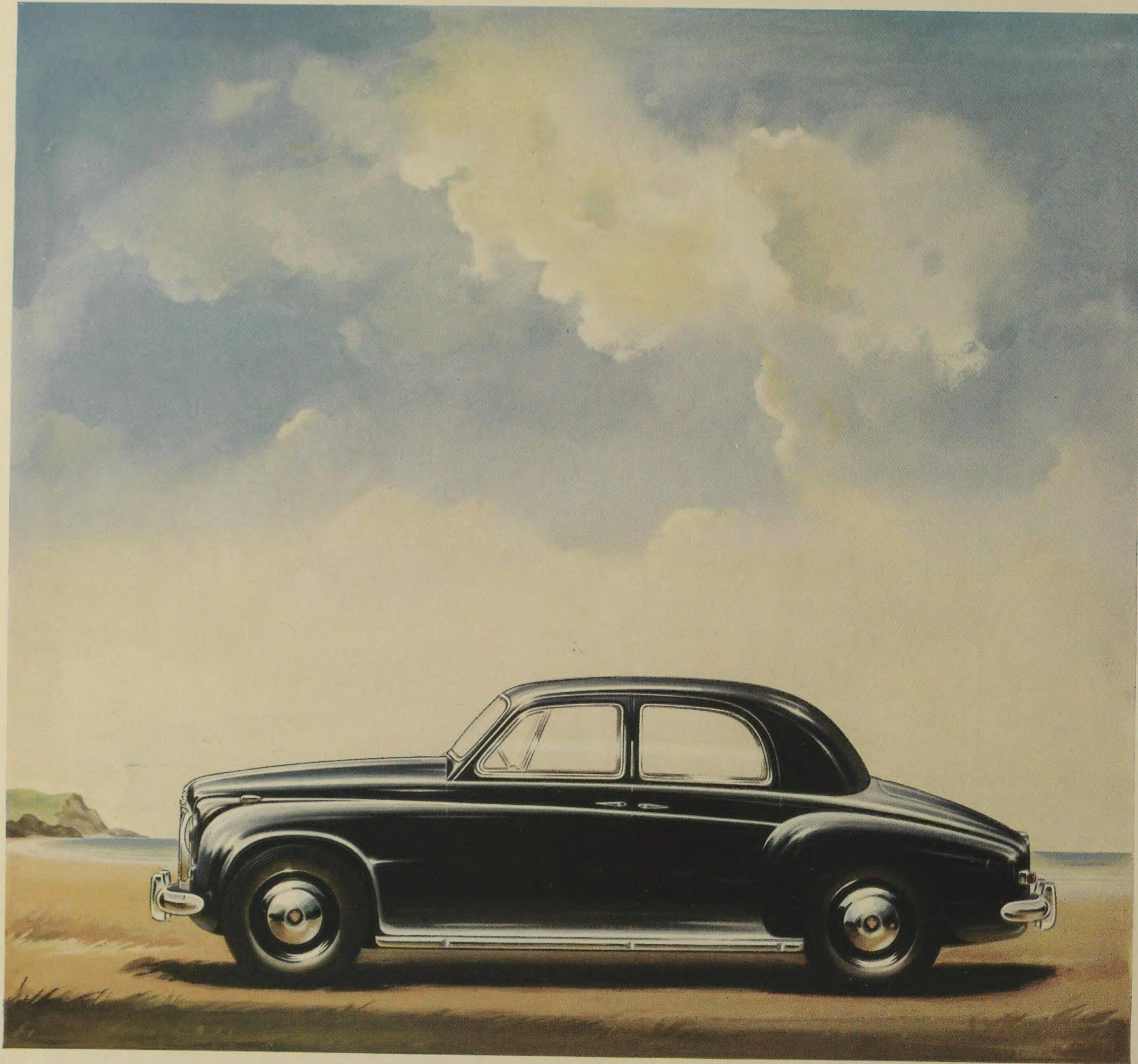
answered with "YES", "NO", or "SORT OF". e.g. *Do you hate Handel? Do you like being photographed? Do you pronounce "Often" "orfn"? Do you only cut toenails when they saw through socks? Do you have greengrocer whose mother voted Liberal? Do you think of radio short-waves as looking like a gunners' tie?*

By Schweppidiascope attachment (see inset) your future career is projected on to a screen. If, in answer to the question "Am I a rejected lover or a loyal wife", the reply is "no answer", it does not mean that the machine has gone wrong. It can safely be said that for the era which gave the wrong jobs to the right people, we have substituted the Age of the Wrong People in the Right Jobs.

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.



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